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THE LIFE AND BATTLES

OF

DICK CURTIS,

THE PET OF THE FANCY.

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The pedigree of this boxer cannot be questioned: he is the brother of the game Jack Curtis, that was defeated by Ned Turner. The appearance of young Dick, as a pugilist, is very prepossessing: and he possesses all the requisites which constitute a first-rate boxer. He is only 18 years of age; and game to the back bone. Dick displays fine science; indeed, he is termed by the amateurs a pretty, interesting fighter. He not only stops well, but is a good hitter, with both his hands. He is under 9 stone; and in height about 5 feet 6 inches.

His first appearance in the Prize Ring was at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, June 27, 1820, (when Cooper defeated Shelton,) for a trifling purse, to make up a third fight, with a Westminster kid, of the name of Watson, who proved himself a good man; but he had no chance whatever, and Curtis proved the conqueror in the course of 25 minutes, without a scratch upon his face and scarcely a mark upon his body.

Previous to the swells going out of town, in consequence of the shooting season commencing, or rather by way of a farewell to each other, they dropped their blunt to promote a fight between young Brown and Curtis. On Monday, Aug. 28, 1820, at one o'clock, Brown, (the Sprig of Myrtle), attended by Martin and Paddington Jones, threw up his hat in the ring, at Wimbleton Common, but the wind blew it out; and shortly after Curtis, followed by Tom Belcher and Joshua Hudson, entered the ropes, and repeated the token of defiance; but the wind also blue his white topper out of the ring. This was a tye upon the bad omen. The betting was rather in favor of Curtis. Both the men were in condition; but Brown had the advantage in this respect. Curtis fought under the yellowman, which was tied to the stakes; and the blue bird's eye, belonging to Brown, was placed over it. It was for £20 a side.

Round 1. Brown, full of confidence, made an offer to hit, but Curtis was awake, and nothing was done. A long pause took place in endeavoring to have the best of it, when Brown rushed in to work; a sort of change took place in the struggle to fib each other, when both went down, but Brown undermost. Great shouting; and Curtis for a trifle.

2. This round occupied thirteen minutes, and the amateurs were delighted with the science and manliness displayed on both sides; but the length of Curtis gave him the superiority, and he nobbed Brown in great style. Both of these little ones displayed as much caution as if one million of money depended upon the event; and, to describe the stops, hits, and getting away, would occupy a page: suffice it to say, that Brown's right eye was nearly closed, and bleeding; and after some desperate milling, Brown went down, and was undermost. The great length of this round now showed the condition of both the combatants, and Curtis evidently appeared the weakest.

3. Brown proved himself a fine game fighter; but Curtis out-fought him and put in nobbers with the utmost dexterity, and also damaged his other eye. Tom Owen sung out "Go it my white topper; it's as right as the day." Both went down, but Brown undermost. 2 to 1 on Curtis.

4. This was a short round; and, in closing, Brown endeavored to fib his opponent, till Curtis went down. Any odds, however, upon the latter.

5. Brown displayed good tactics, and at in-fighting he was the best. Curtis made some good nobbing hits, and Brown went staggering away; but the latter returned sharply to the charge, and, in struggling for the throw, Brown dragged Curtis all over the ring, and downed him. Brown for £20. Curtis was very weak.

6. This was rather a long round. Fibbing on both sides. Both down and Brown undermost.

7. Curtis not only stopped in good style, but he nobbed Brown from him. After some exchanges at the ropes, Curtis dropped Brown by a blow on the side of the latter's head.

8. This was a famous round; and in closing twice, Brown broke away with great activity. The punishment was severe upon both sides. Brown was ultimately hit down, as if shot, from a tremendous blow upon his forehead. Great shouting. The Sprigs of Myrtle all drooping; and the inhabitants connected with Caleb Baldwin's dominions all upon the fret, and the "uneasiness" visible upon every face. It's all over.

9. However, Brown came first up to the scratch. A severe struggle took place at the ropes—both too game to go down. "Go down, Curtis," from all parts of the ring. Both at length fell but Brown was undermost. Here a near relative of the latter came close to the ropes, and told the seconds they were not doing right by him, in not letting Brown "go in."

10 Brown recovered a little, and the change was considered in his favor. Curtis went down.

11 and 12. Upon the whole, both the combatants excited the admiration of the ring, from their fine fighting. In the last round Brown was hit down from a severe hit in the ribs, that screwed out all his wind. 2 and 3 to 1.

13 to 15 and last—Brown was floored in all these rounds, on his coming to the scratch he was terribly punished; but the game he displayed was of the first quality. Here the patron of Brown stepped forward—(a more gentlemanly, liberal, or distinguished character for humanity of disposition does not exist, nor a greater admirer of true courage is not to be found)—and said, he should not fight any more.

A better battle has not been seen for many years; 57 minutes of complete good fighting. Brown has fought eight prize battles, and proved the conqueror in the majority of them. Curtis, although a mere boy bids fair to prove a teazer to any of his weight; he is a cautious boxer, and a good hitter. The amateurs never expressed greater satisfaction at any fight; but it was the general opinion, that although Curtis appeared weak two or three times in the conflict, yet the chance of victory was always upon his side. It is true that Brown had no other chance to win, but from his going-in; yet then the length of Curtis, perhaps, migh have rendered that p an equally dangerous.

Throughout the whole list of Pugilists, we know of no boxer who stands so high in the estimation of his brethren of the fist as Dick Curtis:—in fact, he is the "Pet" of the Boxers as well as the Fancy.

Curtis was matched with Lenney, for 25 guineas a side; which battle took place on Monday, October 24th, 1821, at Moulsey Hurst. The amateurs were not so numerous as upon some former occasions; but several first rate swells, and most of the out-and-out patrons of boxing were present. At one o'clock, Curtis, in a new white upper tog, that would have given a sporting appearance to a pink of Regent-street, with a prime yellow-man round his squeeze, and a rum white topper on his nob, appeared arm-in-arm with the President of the Daffies, and threw his castor into the ring; Lenney showed afterwards, equally well rigged out, with a silk fogle on his neck, supported by the Gas light Man, and his old opponent the Sprig-of-Myrtle, and repeated the token of defiance with the utmost confidence. The men soon prepared for action; Spring and Hickman were the seconds for Lenney, and Belcher and Harmer for Curtis. The odds, within the last two or three days, had changed considerably in favor of Lenney, on whom 5 to 4 was laid. The colours were tied to the stakes by Spring and the President, who observed to the former. "I'll bet you a *daffy*, that I take them down."

Round 1. The condition of Curtis was similar to the finest race horse; blood and bone was conspicuous, and he appeared as confident as if the battle had been over. Lenney was equally fine; and he commenced the fight with the most determined resolution of being declared the conqueror. Curtis was in no hurry to make play: and Lenney was also on his guard. After some little manœuvring, Curtis let fly on the nob of his opponent, without any return. This hit operated as a sort of stopper, and some little sparring occurred. Lenney endeavoured to go to work, and some blows were exchanged. The science displayed by Curtis was fine in the extreme, and he planted two tremendous facers, right and left, that floored Lenney on his face, and the claret trickled down his cheek. (Loud shouting, and 2 to 1 all round the ring.)

2. Lenney came to the scratch with a severe cut under his right eye. Curtis planted a severe body hit without any return; he also put in two severe facers. It was evident that Lenney could not protect his face from the out fighting of his opponent, and to go in was equally dangerous. Curtis kept nobbing his man, and getting away with the utmost ease. In closing, Lenney was fibbed down, and Curtis fell upon him. (Thunders of applause, and You're a pretty boy, Curtis.)

3. This was a short round; a close took place, and the fibbing tactics went on till Lenney went down.

4. The coolness of Curtis was the theme of the ring; he measured his distances with the accuracy of a carpenter, and nobbed his opponent with the severity of a hammer-man at an anvil. Lenney could make no impression on the mode adopted by Curtis; the latter followed Lenney up to the ropes, and, with his right hand, he planted such a tremendous facer, that it was heard all over the ring. In the struggle for the throw, both the combatants were hanging on the ropes; Curtis's nose touched them, as they both came to the ground: but previous to which, he put in some heavy blows on his opponent's kidney.

5. Lenney came up like a game cock to the scratch; but his nob had undergone a strange alteration. Some exchanges occurred. Curtis, by a dreadful right-handed blow, sent down his adversary like a shot. Three to one. (What a beautiful fighter! exclaimed Randall.)

6, 7, 8. Lenney stopped several blows with considerable skill; but his head was completely at the service of his opponent. Oliver made so sure of the event, that he asked if any gentleman would oblige him by taking ten to two.

9, 10. The fine fighting of Curtis now rendered the battle quite safe to him; so much so, that he could take his time about it, without anything like danger. Curtis astonished the ring with his execution as well as his science; he put in such a tremendous blow on Lenney's mouth, that his ivories were on the chatter, like dice in a box, and he felt it so seriously, that his left arm dropped for an instant. "It's all safe now—it's the Bank of England to a screen," was the chaffing throughout the crowd.

11, 12. Lenney received so much punishment about the nob, that he was quite groggy. 20 to 1 was offered.

13, 14, 15, 16, 17. All these rounds were nearly similar to the preceding ones. "Go to work, and you'll finish it in a round or two." Any odds.

18 to 20 and last. Lenney was game to the back bone; but he had not a shadow of chance; and he ought to have been taken away for several rounds previous to the last. He was hit out of time, and remained in a state of stupor for a short period. It occupied 38 minutes and a half.

REMARKS.

A more elegant or scientific fighter than Curtis was never met with in the Prize Ring. He could have won it in half the time, if he had wished it, but he was determined not to give half a chance away; and, therefore, no rally took place in the battle. Curtis also proved the strongest man, and he left the ring without a scratch upon his face; but his hands were much bruised from the severe punishment he had administered to his opponent. Lenney was carried out of the ring and put to bed. The attitude of the latter was not a fighting one; he leaned too far back not only to do any execution, but such a position must have distressed him very much; in fact, Lenney could not reach Curtis with any degree of certainty. It seemed to be the general opinion of the Fancy, that no one on the list of Curtis's weight could beat him.

DICK AT EPSOM RACES.

Although it was nearly five o'clock before the last race, the Maiden Stakes was over, on Thursday, May 26th, 1822, and most excellent sport had been afforded to all the company present; yet numbers of the sporting people seemed to think the day was not exactly complete, that it wanted a sort of finish put to it; and as some of the lads from the metropolis were upon the look-out for a little job—a mill was proposed by way of a desert, and a subscription purse of £16 was collected, nearly all in pewter, in a very short time. Little Dick Curtis, with as much blood (not as much bone about him) as any man upon the course, made his bow to the amateurs, and said he had not the least objection to peel, more especially as he had been cleaned out of all his loose rag, in backing Deaf Davis on the Tuesday last. "You're a good lad," replied a Swell, four story high in rank, (when birth and pedigree go to scale as to consequence,) "and it is a thousand pities you should be suffered to remain idle." A Hedge Cove pricked up his ears upon hearing these remarks, and being as much bushed about the cly as poor Dick, offered himself to the notice of the Four Story Pink of Society, just to have a small taste, for the amusement of the company, if his Honour had no objection. "Why," said the Pink, "you seem to have been a little bit about the hedges lately, an't you? By the look of your mug, you are what they call a Gipsy? What set do you belong to? The Browny Index Hero, with a good deal of pride, answered, "The Cooper's." "That will do," replied the Swell, "and appear at the scratch without delay." Dick Curtis was seconded by Ould Tim Jones and Harry Holt, and Cooper was handled by Gipsy Cooper and another Traveller. 7 to 4 on Dick.

Round 1. The Gipsy stripped well, and was what the fair sex term, rather a pretty young man; and seemed, by the attitude he placed himself in, to meet his opponent, as if he knew something about milling. The ogles of Dick measured the Gipsy from head to foot with much confidence; but he was in no hurry to go to work. The Gipsy at length let fly, and missed, when Dick, as lively as a dancing master, put in some telling hits, and in a struggle the "little bit about the hedges cove" went down, amidst thunders of applause.—Two to one, lustily roared out by the amateurs.

2. Dick came laughing up to the scratch, as deep as a blunt lender, as keen as a stock-broker, and cunning as a fox, giving the wink to his friends it was all right, yet still he would not hit first. The Gipsy was again gammoned to make play, when his domino box got as much slashing from a nice one, as if seven had been the main. The rattling of the ivories was again repeated, and the Gipsy floored. Ten to two and no takers.

3. This round took the conceit out of the Gipsy, who came furiously at Curtis, but the latter, with the utmost ease, stopped him, by giving Cooper the pepper box on his sensitive plant. Dick now commenced fighting, and put in four such complete facers, that made the Gipsy all abroad, and produced the claret, till he went down like a post. 10 to 1, and the multitude chevying from one end of the ring to the other, "What a prime little fellow Dick is!"

4. This was short and sweet to Curtis; he sent the Gipsy down to cool himself on the turf for half a minute. Any odds, but no takers.

5. It was clear to the judges that it must be soon over, and that the Gipsy would be milled off hand. Curtis again drew his cork, and the hero of the bush once more embraced his mother earth. It was all stuff to offer odds, for no person seemed inclined to take 100 to 1.

6. The pepper box and the vinegar eruet were again made use of by Dick, till the Gipsy had nearly let it escape out of his mouth; "it was no go." Gipsy down.

7 and last. The Gipsy napped a rum one on his cannister, and he went down, and immediately said "he would not fight any more, as he had not room enough for his strength." Curtis gave a jump, and pocketed the purse, without scarcely receiving a hit, exclaiming, "Success to Epsom races!"

It is true it was a very bad ring, owing to the vast multitude that pressed in upon the boxers from all sides; but if the Gipsy had had the whole of Epsom Downs for a ring, he would never have been able to have defeated Curtis. The latter is decidedly one of the best boxers of the day; no commoners must think of having a turn with him, and first-rate fighters must also make a pause before they enter the lists with Dick. Curtis can lick sixteen such Gipsies in a day, and then take his brilliant and heavy after it, without anything the matter. Two Swells gave Dick a sovereign each for winning, which he generously made a present of to the Gipsy.

Peter Warren, (a novice in the Prize Ring,) but a first rate victorious miller in the streets, and among hardy commoners, now offered himself to the notice of Curtis. A match was immediately made for thirty sovereigns a side, and the battle took place on Tuesday, July 23, near Colnbrook, 16 miles from London.

The above match excited considerable interest among the fancy, particularly at the East end of the town, and Peter stood high in the estimation of the amateurs as a dangerous novice. In consequence of a wrong scent, upwards of six hundred amateurs were thrown out, who repaired to Moulsey, and saw nothing but the Hurst to compensate them for their loss of time. At one o'clock, on Tuesday, attended by his seconds, Tom Owen and Josh Hudson, Warren threw his hat in the ring, and was followed soon after by Curtis, waited upon by Tom Belcher and Shelton. Two to one upon setting-to.

Round 1. Warren put up his hands with considerable caution, and Dick opposed him as a boxer not to be treated with contempt. Warren hit short twice when Curtis gave him a small taste on his nob, just by way of a prelude of what was to follow. Warren endeavored to make play, without effect; and Dick, in return, drew the first claret. At the ropes a close took place, when Warren proved the strongest man, but Curtis got him down. (Thunders of applause.)

2. Warren turned his head away from some hits; but Dick, on the look-out, took the lead and got him down. 10 to 4.

3. Warren made some severe counter-hits, and in a struggle he took Dick up in his arms, and lifted him off the ground at least three feet, but he appeared confused, did not know how to turn this event to advantage, and, at length, let Curtis fall. (Disapprobation.

4. Warren received pepper, but he countered his opponent with effect. He also dragged Curtis over the ring, till both went down. Warren undermost.

5. Curtis seemed rather weak, but his generalship was excellent, and he punished Warren till down.

6. This was a milling round, and it was evident Curtis was overmatched. He received a terrific counter-hit in his throat, and his eyes seemed to lose their wonted fire; but his tactics enabled him to get the best of this round.

7. Curtis at the ropes, behaved so manly, that he was applauded from all parts of the ring.

8. Severe counter-hitting; Dick the best, but both down.

9. Pausing, and Dick on the look-out. He planted a terrific hit between Peter's ogles, that almost sent him to sleep, and he went down. It's all up, and any odds.

10. Warren was quite confused, hit to pieces, and fell down in a state of stupor, and when time was called, he heard not the sound, and victory was declared in favour of Curtis in twenty minutes.

Warren, although defeated, was a dangerous customer; and Curtis never punished a man so little before, and, curious to remark, he never before received half so much punishment, and acknowledges himself to have been overmatched. Warren, when he came to, said, "I am not hurt!" Curtis, to keep the game alive, addressed the following letter to the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch:—

Sir,—As Mr. Thomas Cooper seems to think I am in want of a job, and that I don't feel disposed to be any longer idle, I readily admit his statement to be true, and therefore am ready to make a deposit at any house in London he may think proper to appoint; but should Mr. Cooper's friends turn out only vain boasters, or have inserted the challenge by way of a "bit of chaff," I will accommodate either Tensdale, Belasco or Warren. (Peter, a short time since, stated that he ought to have a second trial) from £25 to £100 a side. Surely, amongst this assortment, I may anticipate some employment.

With great respect, Sir, I remain your humble servant,

17*h Jan.* 1823. R. CURTIS.

TO MR. R. CURTIS.

Sir,—Observing, in last Sunday's Dispatch, that you do me the honor of including my name in the number of those pugilists to whom you have thrown down the glove, I beg to express my regret that I cannot immediately accept your offer, being under an engagement to fight Birmingham Arthur, and about to go down into the country for a few days, for that purpose. But I mean to say that, whether I win or lose with Arthur, I shall be ready, on my return to London, if I find you without a customer, to fight you for fifty a side, as I really think it a pity that a man should be idle who wishes to go to work. Trusting you will take this as it is meant, for a bit of good truth,

I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

21*st Jan.* 1823. ISRAEL BELASCO.

The 'Pet' of the Fancy, (little but good, and nothing else but blood and bone throughout his composition,) Dick Curtis, took his benefit at the Fives' Court, on Thursday, March 27, 1823. It was Dick's first appeal to the Amateurs at this place, and he had no reason to complain; in short, he had a good Court. The sets-to in general excited interest and produced applause. Holt and Ned Turner did their best to amuse the Amateurs; as did Deaf Davis and Ayres. Carter and Sampson put on the gloves, but the former boxer is all to pieces; the word "tremendous" does not now attach to his character. Instead of blows, it was more like pawing; indeed, his hitting appears to have left him altogether. Such must ever be the result to boxers who will not pay proper attention to themselves.

The appearance of Spring and Eales claimed universal attention; it cannot be otherwise, when men of milling talents are opposed to each other. The wind up of the day was between Curtis and Teasdale, two of the best little men on the list. 'Master Richard,' if we may judge from the manner in which his opponent dealt with him, has been living rather too high; Teasdale nobbed Curtis one, two, and three, in succession, on commencing the set-to; in fact, we never saw Dick so roughly handled before. Teasdale drove Dick all over the stage, and had the 'best of it.' However, Curtis, before the combat was at an end, retrieved in some trifling degree his importance as a boxer, on showing two or three decisive points towards victory. It was evident Curtis required to go into rigid training, in order to meet his opponent, Peter Warren, on the 16th of April, on anything like equal terms. He was told not to treat his opponent too cheap; and to recollect it was not over yet! Confidence is a very necessary ingredient for a boxer to possess; but blind confidence has too often proved the overthrow of several distinguished pugilists. One instance will suffice—Broughton against Slack. Israel Belasco ascended the stage, and offered to fight any man of his weight in England for £50 a side. Ward also appeared, and offered the same terms. The John Bull fighter, almost out of breath, and eager for more glory, said he would put down £10 instantly. (Great applause, and "what a brave fellow this Josh is!" resounded throughout the Court) He meant nothing else but fighting, and if Ward could not raise £50, he had no objection to make it for £25. Ward, in reply, observed, he would fight Josh, but it should be after his battle with Shelton. "Well, then, let it be so, if you like it," said Josh, "and I'll put down £10 to-night." Cabbage and the Gipsy both showed. The face of the Gipsy did not appear the worse for fighting; but he complained of the back part of his head, which he said was all over bruises, and he likewise informed the Amateurs that Cabbage was the hardest hitter he had fought; Cabbage's head was tied up with a handkerchief, and he appeared very much dejected. His hands were in a bad state. They shook hands together, like brave men. In a conversation with Jack Randall—"It was my intention," said Cooper, "to have challenged Cy. Davis, but I have just been informed that he is likely to lose his fore finger on his right hand." Curtis returned thanks for the kindness he had received from the Amateurs, when the Court was soon cleared, and Tom Cribb's parlor became the feature of attraction for the remainder of the evening, to chaff over the ensuing battles. To keep the game alive, Ben. Burn and Josh. Hudson agreed for a small wager, to set-to together for 20 minutes with the gloves; to be decided by Tom Cribb, who might have the best of it.

Curtis, owing to some neglect on the part of his backer, forfeited a deposit of £5 to Warren. The latter being always anxious to obtain a second trial with Curtis, a new match was accordingly made, for 25 sovereigns a side, and battle took place at Moulsey Hurst, on Wednesday, April 30th, 1823.

"Booking, next to a certainty," was the general opinion of the Ring-goers, that Curtis must win the battle, and the odds at all the Sporting Houses, on the preceding evening, were £70 to £40; and for small sums two to one against Warren, so great a favourite was Dick with the betting men.

Peter had been defeated by Curtis in twenty minutes, on Tuesday, July 23d, 1822, in ten rounds; but having proved himself rather a troublesome customer to Dick, the friends of Warren were determined to give him another chance, more especially as Peter was not half satisfied on the subject, and attributed his failure to an accident. Wednesday, the Fancy were in motion at an early hour; and delightful Moulsey Hurst had to boast of a numerous assemblage of Amateurs long before the office was given for peeling.

At one o'clock, Curtis, in a white topper, and arm in-arm with the President of the Daffy Club, followed by his seconds, Richmond and Josh. Hudson, threw his beaver into the ring. Curtis appeared very careful to avoid the wind blowing his topper out of the ropes. Warren soon afterwards appeared, waited upon by Ward and Rogers, and repeated the above token of defiance. Warren, on entering the ropes, went up to Curtis, and shooks hands with him. The President of the D. C. tied up the colours, yellow for Curtis, to the stakes; and Ward, on the part of Warren, placed the orange and pink spot against them.

Round 1. Curtis looked well to outward appearance, but he had not been in a good state of health for the last three or four days, and complained to his backers of indigestion. Warren was well and confident, and appeared a better man than when he entered the ring with Dick last summer. Ward had been looking after Warren during his training at the Black Boy, in the Green Lanes; and it was asserted, Peter had derived considerable improvement from the lessons he had received from that scientific boxer. The latter had made up his mind not to commence operations; and Dick, after a little dodging, put in two slight hits on Warren's nob. Warren missed his opponent, both trying to obtain an opening, when Warren, as it tired, put down his hands. The pause here was so long and tiresome, that Josh. intimated to Randal, it appeared to him he could play a game of pat before he should be wanted. The left hand of Dick aligated on Warren's mouth. Curtis got away from a blow. Warren again put down his arms—(Bravo, Peter! take your time,)—and wiped his mouth. "First blood!" exclaimed Hudson. "Don't be gammoned," said Richmond, "wait for him." Here Warren got away in turn; a long pause, both looking at each other, neither of them willing to commence offensive operations. Warren, in endeavoring to get close to his opponent, to make a hit, trod on Curtis's toes; when Peter, in a most polite manner, said, "Dick, I beg your pardon, I did not mean to do it." "Don't say there's no polite people among fighting men," Hudson observed. "Book that, Pierce Egan," said Randall. Curtis hit Warren's shoulder; in closing, both down, but Peter undermost. The latter extricated himself from his situation, rather in a singular manner, by rolling over Curtis, and sitting on his body. "Hallo! Peter, mind what you are arter, don't act foul." From the spectators. Seven minutes had elapsed.

2. This round commenced with severe counter-hits, and Dick got away in style. Curtis put in a severe blow on Warren's chin, and no return. Some sharp counter-hitting, when Warren went down from a severe well-measured blow. Great shouting for Curtis.

3. Peter had done some execution in the last round, and the left eye of Curtis was bleeding, and nearly closed. Dick got away well, and also put in two facers; Warren missed Curtis; Dick planted a severe hit on his adversary's throat; but the counter-hits of Warren again told, and Dick's right eye was also damaged a little. Warren hit Curtis in the face, and got away laughing—more counter-hits, and to the advantage of Warren. The latter felt tired, and again put down his hands. Dick received a nobber; in fact, he was winking and blinking, unwell, had the worst of it, and not like the once gay little pet, that mowed down all his opponents. In a struggle, both down.

4. Great fears were now entertained for Dick; and, in this round, Jack was as good as his master, till both went down. "Peter! you can't lose it—you have got him now, and the fight is your own."

5. Counter-hits again, and Dick none of the best of them. In a struggle, Curtis threw Warren. (Loud shouting for Curtis.)

6. Warren's nose received a sort of slitting hit in the last round, and the Claret was strong upon it. Warren got away, and, after a long pause, he put down his hands again. So did Dick; and both looking at each other—"I'll take no advantage of you," said Warren. "Never mind!" replied Dick, "I shall catch you presently." Two severe counter-hits, and both of their nobs like two flints, almost struck fire. Warren made two good stops, when he rushed in to mill Dick, and both went down; Warren fell over his opponent. Three to two had been taken in the preceding round, and now even betting; several having Peter for choice. The backers of Curtis were rather on the fret, indeed the prospect before them was more like losing than any thing else.

7. Dick exhibited the most punishment; that is to say, the face of Curtis had napped lots of pepper, but it was not so visible in Peter's mug, although he had been repeatedly nobbed. Both down.

8. Up to this period Warren had decidedly the best of the battle; but he did not make the most of it. Peter would never go to work till Dick had made play. More counter-hits; in going down, Curtis fell on his opponent.

9. Dick now appeared better than when he first went into the ring; the winking and blinking had left him, and gave Warren a rum one in the middle of his head; Dick repeated the dose. Counter-hitting; in closing at the ropes some sharp work occurred, till both went down—"Well done, Peter," from the Whitechapelers, "Dick will be licked to-day!" "He has not done it yet," replied the Bermondsey lads, "and we will give Peter a week to do it in."

10. This was a severe round; pepper vs. pepper; but Dick's blows were directed with more talent; however, Warren's counter-hitting was excellent, and generally told. Both down. "Dick will win it now!" was the cry.

11. Curtis in this round seemed a little like himself; he planted one or two severe jobbers on the head, with great skill. The nob of Warren also began to show Dick a specimen of his handywork; and at the ropes Curtis nobbed him and had the best of it till both down. Great applause; and "It is as safe as the Bank," said Josh. The betting also began to get up on Dick.

12 and last. Warren appeared at the scratch an altered man; in fact, he had received considerable punishment on his mug in the last round, and the piper was at work. More counter-hits; but Curtis planted a severe facer without any return. Warren, a little wild, bored in upon Dick, and drove him to the corner of the ring. Here Curtis was balancing on the bottom rope, and could not get down; his head touching the ground on one side, and his feet on the other, Warren holding him up with his left hand, and with his right kept pummelling Dick on his back. It was ditto, ditto, and ditto, to the end of the chapter; and Dick was in great danger of having the fight taken out of him. He was completely at the mercy of his opponent. The sensation was so great, that the crowd rushed in, and the whips of the ring-keepers were exerted to keep the spectators away from the men. At length Curtis got disentangled from the ropes, and was placed on the knee of his second; and in this defenceless situation Warren, on missing Curtis from the ropes, jumped up and struck him on the side of his head. "Foul, foul!" and in a moment of irritation Richmond hit Warren "for acting improperly," he said, "towards his man." Warren went down from the blow, and laid on the ground for some time in an exhausted state. The confusion that ensued beggars description—"foul" and "fair" being vociferated by each party, according as it suited their betting. The roped ring was immediately filled, and the situation of Richmond far from an enviable one. The bottle-holder of Warren threatened to crack the nob of the man of colour with his bottle; and another person with his umbrella also promised "Lilly White" his quietus. The book of hard names was opened, and a variety of new readings was given, more emphatic than elegant, between the Gents of Whitechapel, and the Blades from Bermondsey. The former insisting it was "very cruel, unmanly, and disgraceful, to an experienced boxer like Richmond, as he might have killed Warren;" while, on the contrary, the Bermondseys asserted, "Richmond was justified in what he had done; that Warren was an unfair fighter; and nothing else but a cur would have attempted to have hit a man when he was sitting upon the knee of his second. It was not a blow; Richmond had merely pushed him down." This difference of opinion between the parties, in all probability saved Richmond from any serious attack being made upon his person, unless a general fight had been the result. The John Bull fighter, like a rock, as full of courage as a lion, despising the threats of knives or bottles being used as weapons of attack, stood unmoved amidst this conflict of parties: determined, if necessary, to lend his aid to Richmond, in case any thing like mischief was meant to Blacky. When the row had subsided a little, the umpires differing in opinion on the subject, referred the case to the Referee, who decided that Warren had lost the battle, in consequence of his hitting Curtis while sitting on his second's knee, and that Warren had lost the fight before he had received the blow from Richmond. The partisans of Warren, on the other hand, insisted that the seconds of Curtis acted foul by taking him off the ropes; and they had no right to pick him up until he had absolutely fallen on the ground. This decision produced a sweet wrangle—a chaffing row—lots of abuse—and a slap at character. The battle was thus prematurely at an end in thirty-seven minutes.

On the above fight, two to one was downright madness; seven to four perfectly ridiculous; six to four out of all calculation; five to four dangerous enough; and it was evident that if a third fight should take place, in all probability it would be even betting; and Peter taken for choice. Against any other boxer of his weight, Warren must prove a formidable and dangerous opponent; but with Curtis he will always have his work to do. Dick, put in, by far, more blows without receiving any return than his adversary; yet we must admit that Warren had decidedly the best of the counter-hitting, from his length if not his weight.

The Stake-holder gave up to each party the money, in opposition to the opinion of the Referee, who decided that Curtis had won the battle with Warren; and although Dick had received a written document from one of the Umpires, declaring he had won the fight. In so doing the Stake-holder assumed a power he did not possess, as he ought to have been governed by the opinion of the Referee. Curtis insists that he has thus been unfairly deprived of his "right to the Stakes," according to the established usage of Sporting, by the conduct of the Stake-holder, after the Referee had decided in his favor. In our humble opinion, we are quite sure, that, after the above decision of the Referee, (whether right or wrong in his judgment,) the battle-money ought to have been given to the backer of Curtis.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SLEEPY DAVY."

A Sporting Sketch.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

The substance of the following sketch of "life on the road" may already have been printed, though I never met with it. I heard it related with most capital gusto and "marked emphasis," by a knight of the ribbons, while journeying through New Hampshire lately—where good horse stories are very current at all seasons.

I had taken a seat on the box with the driver of the mail coach from B—— to E——, no rail having as yet been laid down to the latter place—and upon handing him my cigar-case, I found him at once good-natured and communicative. Three miles from our starting, we came out of the woods upon a piece of hard, granite-ized road, over which the coach-tires rang right merrily, as the team bounded forward, seemingly accustomed to a much better place thereabouts, than I had hitherto observed *en route*.

The nigh leader was (or rather had been) one of the "pelters" that we sometimes read about in sporting chronicles; a hammer headed, strong-sinewed chesnut, of fabulous age, but a nag of unquestionable bottom, with as many "points" as joints! He was evidently a "good 'un to go," *malgre* his protruding withers and manifold wind-galls; and as he put out on striking the smoother road, I remarked that he was certainly "some pumpkins."

"G'lang Davy!" said our driver, rather insinuatingly, as I spoke—and throwing the snapper of his long whip as gently upon his flank as an expert disciple of Walton could possibly drop his trout-fly upon an unbroken stream, old "Davy" straightened out his traces, and laid himself to his business with a will that set the rest of the team into a rollicking gallop, instanter.

For a mile or more, we dashed on at railroad speed, and the performance was really very creditable. The road soon became rough again, however, and our Jehu became tamer.

"That's a good hoss, sir—that Davy," ventured the driver.

"So I think. Have you driven him here long?" I inquired.

"Over ten year, sir, in all weather, every day but Sundays, back or forth, and never lost a trip with him."

"Is it possible?"

"Fact, sir. But Davy's an old 'un. Ten year ago he'd done with whole corn, any way."

"Whole corn?" I asked—"how?"

Jehu smiled at my innocence.

"Grinders used up sir; that's all."

As I did not understand, he continued:—

"Teeth gin out, sir. Couldn't eat corn—he was old, then. So we feed him on meal. G'lang Davy!"

"And how old must a horse be, in this condition?" I asked.

"Sixteen, p'raps."

"Then Davy must have seen over a score of years, at least."

"Five-and-twenty, sir, sure! G'lang Bess! He's seen the time when he could slay 'em, though—the best on 'em, too."

"He travels well," I added.

"Well, sir, that's noth'n, now. You see he hitches a little behind. He's a bad spavin. More'n fifteen years ago he had his legs well under him, and was a sure card. We've got eight miles to go, yet, and I'll tell you a story about him, if you like."

I readily assented, and he continued, thus:—

"As I said, it was near a score o' years ago, that a big race was got up in York State, where half a dozen o' the best nags in the country were up for trial, and a pile of money was ventur'd on the result. There was a heap o' bragging, too, on the ground, and you'd better believe the cattle they brought to the course, that time, were fast 'uns. They didn't talk o' nothing' but two-forties, two-fifties, and three-minitters, for six weeks afore the race; and when they all got together, it was a good show, sartin—bet your life on it.

"Well—arter the first race was over with the running horses, all at once there came up to the Judge's stand a drunken man; that is, he wasn't *very* drunk, but *pooly* drunk, you know—just about as tight, (supposing he could carry off a gallon o' hicker,) as two quarts 'd make him."

"Half-cocked," I suggested.

"Edzackly; I see you understand. Well, he come up, an' says he to the Judge, 'Hain't you, 'ic, narry trottin' 'osses, yere?' But the head Judge says to him, 'Go 'away, my good man; you're slightly 'neebr'ated; and if you don't git out the way, you'll get knocked down by the horses.'

"But the feller wouldn't go! He wanted to know if they hadn't narry trottin' horse, you see. 'I ain't afeered, 'ic, o' being knocked down 'by nun o' your trottin' 'osses,' says the feller. 'Well, then, I'll send for a policeman,' continued the Judge, politely—'an' he'll knock you down quicker'n *scat!*' So the drunken man slided up to the Judge ag'in, and says he, 'I can beat your trottin' 'osses all to rags. If you've got any, fetch 'em on!' *Then* the Judges took a little more notice of the feller, you see.

"The drunken man paid an entrance fee at once, and shortly afterwards staggered in on to the track, leading a shocking looking beast, with an old black saddle on him and a yallar bridle with blinders on it! Of course the crowd yelled and hurra ed like sixty—but the man was too much 'neebr'ated to care much for that; and, what was wuss, it was clear that his licker was a workin'; for, if anything, he grew a little drunker every minute. However, he came up to the stand with his beautiful nag.

"The next race was announced.—Three mile heat—best two in three—open to all comers, without distinction—for $1000 a side. It was a bad show for the poor feller, any how. He hadn't but a hundred dollars, and the horses were coming up for trial. Suddenly his brother came out of the crowd, all covered over with dust, and out of breath—just arrived—heard he was there, drunk and fooling away his money, and begged him to go home with him. No! The feller was goin' to affectionate brother unsaucer him (anu the crowd) that he would lose every dollar he had—but he would trot, any how. So, he give his note, and his brother let him have money enough to 'anty up' with the betting men all round; who took his seven or eight hundred dollars at large odds against his chances.

"You never saw so bad a looking creeter as that man's hoss was. He hitched along behind his drunken owner, with his nose down between his knees, his tongue lolling half out of his thin jaws, his eyes nearly closed, and his tail clinging close to his body, while the 'boys' were in high glee at the prospect of the approaching fun. The bets were all closed, and those who watched the *man* thought that the excitement had rather helped him—for he really wasn't so drunk as he had appeared!

"You should have been there, sir, to have seen that horse the instant the bugle sounded, calling the animals to the post! Ha! ha! Well, it's no matter. The drunken man vaulted into the saddle, and ten men couldn't have held his horse. At the word 'go!' he jumped into a gait such as the two-forty jockies never dreamed of!"

"*What!*" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes, sir," continued Jehu, enthusiastically, "that drunk, that stupid horse, that dear brother, was all a *guy*. The lazy nag took the pole at the start, and before the second mile had been reached, he had it all his own way, followed only by ten or eleven of the best horses in York; while he pelted right through the three miles, inside of eight minutes, winning the first heat splendidly!"

"Well—what followed?"

"What followed! Why, one half the horses that chased him in, on the first heat, to be sure. When the Judge said 'go!' the second time, I tell you he was there—and *went!* Ha! ha! ha! It's no use talking, he laid 'em all out—coming home the last mile in two-thirty-two—only three of the whole crowd saving their distance. Ger 'lang, Davy! He's an old 'un now sir!" continued Jehu, again applying the snapper to his nigh leader.

"But you don't mean to say," I inquired, "that *this* is the animal you have described?"

"Oh, yes, sir, that's *him*; Davy—'Sleepy Davy,' we call him, sir."

While I was lost in thinking of the changes in poor Davy's career during the previous twenty years or less, the stage-horn sounded from the terminus of our route, and the coach rolled up right gallantly, at a twelve mile gait, before the door of the tavern where we "changed horses."

Shooting to a Nicety.

Prince Rupert's skill in firing at a mark we have recorded on the evidence of eye-witnesses, of whom king Charles the First was one. Prince Rupert being at Stafford in the time of the Civil War, while standing in the garden of Capt. Richard Ineyd, who had taken up arms for the King, at about sixty yards distance, made a shot at a weather-cock upon the steeple of the collegiate church of St. Mary, with a screwed horseman's pistol and single bullet, which pierced the tail; the bullet-hole plainly appearing to all that were below; which the King presently jud

The New York Clipper,

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF, YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM, CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES, THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

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Answers to Correspondents.

☞ We pay no attention to correspondents whose letters are not post-paid.

H. Weston, Philadel'a.—"What is the quickest time on record a mile has been walked in? 2. What is the quickest a mile has been run in? 3. What, in your opinion, would be the best training for a man in business who has an engagement to walk 60 miles in a day, and ation, daily? 4. What would be the best diet on a day's walk of 60 or 80 miles? 5. Is there in New York a Pedestrian Association, if so, can you give me its address?" 1. In 7 minutes. 2. 4 minutes 28 seconds. 3. If you are not regular in your habits, commence by giving yourself a good clearing out. Rise early, take long walks before breakfast, increasing the distance daily; eat nothing but wholesome food, such as beef and mutton of the best quality, broiled rare, with occasionally a tender chicken. Eat no fat substances. Drink good, old English ale, with your beef and mutton, &c., &c. We have not space to give the regular routine of training. A few weeks since we published Capt. Barclay's mode of training, which will probably give you all the information you need. 4. Eat and drink as little as possible—some crackers and fine old wine would answer your purpose perhaps. 5. We know of no Pedestrian Association in this city.

Sporter, Philadel'a.—Not received in time for last week's issue.

M. D.—"1. Can a man be imprisoned for Prize Fighting in England? 2. Was Ned Turner ever imprisoned for Prize Fighting?" 1. We believe there is a law against Prize Fighting, but it is seldom put in force. 2. Ned Turner was tried for the murder of John Curtis (who died in a few hours after his battle with Turner) but was found guilty only of manslaughter, and sentenced to two months imprisonment in Newgate.

Know Nothing.—John Morrissey was born in Ireland.

Killdeer, Albany.—1. Yankee Sullivan is not in this city at present. 2. About one month. 3. We cannot say when he will be here again.

P. Y.—1. Bill Poole, who had the set-to with Morrissey, is the same person who figures in political affairs in this city. 2. We believe he is a native of this country.

Clipper Reader.—We cannot inform you what is the probable time the Seven Miles Walking Match will be accomplished in.

Jerry Dugan, Philadel'a.—Johnny Walker is still in England. He is in bad repute there, however, and will probably make tracks.

X. X.—Barney Williams was born in Ireland. His wife was born in this city.

Dartmoor.—1. The foot race on the 24th ult., at the Hippodrome, was conducted on fair principles. 2. Grindell has figured but little as a runner; his success surprised older hands at the business.

Moyamensing, Philadel'a.—"Is dog fighting allowed in your city?" It is sometimes allowed, though it is contrary to law.

Sheen.—The number of men in Sir John Franklin's expedition was 138.

T. Y. C.—The Tipton Slasher is the present Champion of England.

Robert, Baltimore.—Tom Cribb died on the 11th of May, 1848.

Hippodrome.—1. The best time made in running a mile was 4 minutes 28 seconds.

P. R. P., Buffalo.—The Stag is well known in this city, where he has resided for a long time. The Stag's performance was certainly creditable, but you have seen ere this that a man named Hughes, in San Francisco, succeeded in accomplishing the extraordinary feat of walking 80 hours, without cessation.

Fashion, Boston.—1. Jemmy Trainor is looked upon as a pugilist of no mean pretensions 2. He was defeated by Hoiles, the Spider, on the 23d of September, 1851—the fight was for £50 a side, and occupied 1 hour and 20 minutes, in which time 49 rounds were fought. 3. Trainor's weight is about 8 stone.

Wally.—See account in another column.

N, Utica.—Gone up. The only copy we had.

Simeon, Boston.—1. Having sent to New York for a copy of "Fistiana," and ascertaining that it is not in print, can you inform me where I can get a copy? 2. Is there an American edition of "Fistiana?" 1. The agent for the London "Fistiana," having sold all he had, neglected to provide a fresh supply. We do not know where you can procure one. 2. There is no American edition of the London "Fistiana."

F. S. C., Boson.—1. Exercise *before* taking your meals. 2. We published the rules of the ring, about one year ago.

H. F. I. M, Albany.—Not exactly "in our line," except as an advertisement.

Wm. McM., Philadelphia.—See elsewhere.

☞ Many of our correspondents' communications are unavoidably deferred until our next. We have had such a press of business as to be unable to give them that attention they require. We hope to satisfy all next week.

The "Respectable Press."

Have we a respectable press among us? We, the CLIPPER, and other papers of like character, are looked upon as disreputable by the so-called "respectable press," because we publish in full the doings of the sporting world, a class of citizens, who are beginning to assume, and rightly too, more importance than many other classes who hold high heads in the community, and pass for highly moral and intellectual citizens. We make these remarks in consequence of the double-dealing of the moral press, elicited by the late Prize Fight in this city. The Times, Tribune, and various Sunday papers, while commenting with severity upon the awful state of depravity, as instanced in the late fight, took good care to publish every detail of the fight, and actually draw upon the imagination, to make the report still more interesting. This cannot be denied. They are double-faced rogues. A smooth face for the moral and righteous, (?) and a rough exterior for the "roughs and unsanctified." In the same page they condemn and uphold—they have no settled principles, except dollars and cents, and these are their gods. Morality! Why not one of the mis-named "respectable press" of this city, cares the toss-up of a copper for morality! It is all outside profession, without the least practice. Does any one really suppose the Times or Tribune to be conducted by moral men in the true sense of the term? Could Mercer, Leonard, and other well-known thoroughfares speak, what a tale could they unfold? Morality, forsooth! Why some of those professing morality are the worst men to be found in any community. It may very applicably be said of them, that they "wear the livery of heaven, to serve the devil in." Its as [illegible] that the very Ward where this much-talked-of fight took place, is under the rule of Reform men. There never was a prize fight in that ward before the Reformers took hold of it! And so sure as they are suffered to gain a foothold in this city, just so sure may we look for a succession of rioting and disorders. They must keep everything in hot water, or they'll spile, as our friend Mose would say.

The case is different with us. We endeavor to give a true and detailed report of every event of interest in the sporting world, and flatter ourselves, from the extraordinary patronage bestowed upon us, that our efforts are appreciated. Our position is as respectable as that of any other journal published in this city. We publish nothing indecent, as too many of our cotemporaries do. We preach nothing that we are ashamed to practice. We number among our readers members of the *church*, as well as members of the *bar*; for church-goers are oftentimes very fond of reading the particulars of a good set-to. Fact. We hope, after this, the "respectable press," will keep quiet about morality and all that sort of thing. The people are beginning to see both faces at one glance. The cloven foot shows itself too plainly, and betrays the object for which it is brought into requisition. Let the moral and respectable press keep to rights fighting members of Congress, *wild and silly* Councilmen, Schuylers, Kyles, and other *respectable gentlemen*, and our word for it, they will have enough to do. We will take care of "the boys," and see that no outsiders are injured by *over issues* from "the *hands* of men entirely great" in shoulder-hitting. We guarantee that at the end of one year, "the boys" will be able to show a cleaner balance sheet than the respectable gentlemen on the other side of the house. Any one bet on it?

We think the Captain and Lieutenant of the Ninth Ward Police did wrong in noticing the article in the Tribune. The circulation of that paper in this city is very small, and can do no mischief, no matter what falsehoods it may contain. The people know the Ninth Ward Police to be as efficient as any other body of men in the Department, and that is sufficient, old Morality to the contrary, notwithstanding.

More Yacht Matches.

By reference to our Philadelphia correspondence it will be seen that several interesting yacht races are on the tapis. It will be noticed that a New Yorker is among the Philistines, endeavoring to entice the Quakers into match-making. The Quakers, however, are rather shy of the Yorkers. "We shall see what we shall see," however. "Flints," do you take?

That $500.

Its none of our business, but people will talk. Now, we are always thankful for every scrap of information we can get. In view of this fact, we would ask those journals, daily, Sunday, and weekly, that have been puffing up the Williams Complimentary Benefit, how many persons the Broadway Theatre will hold. These journals have publicly stated that the theatre was crowded—they also stated that most of the talent performing had volunteered. Now, as we said before, people will talk, and if the Broadway theatre was crowded on the occasion of the Williams benefit, and that too, at double prices, and the principal performers volunteered, &c., how is it, we would most earnestly ask, that but $500 were realized? If the theatre was filled, there should have been, according to our calculation, about $3,000 in the house. Allowing $500 for expenses, a very high figure, considering the volunteers, there is a deficiency of $2,000. Either the papers lied, or *more tickets were given away than were sold.*

Come gentlemen let us have the facts. If this thing was gotten up to effect the California market, we think the Washington Monument should have had at least $100 though $5000 will help a little. We may be wrong in bringing this subject before the public, but people will talk, and as it is none of our business we merely wish the true facts of the case for the benefit of the dear people, honest souls that they are, to swollow every thing given them.

In contrast with the Williams complimentary benefit look at that given to Waters, the fireman, at the Bowery Theatre on the evening previous. The prices were doubled at the Bowery on that occasion, and several performers voluntered their services, precisely as was the case with the Broadway, and yet Waters' benefit realized nearly $2000. The regular Broadway prices t will be recollected, are higher than he Bowery prices, yet only $500 was realised from the Williams benefit for the Washington Monument. We cannot see how it is—we cannot bring it out right by single or double entry. Something is wrong. It is none of our business, but people will talk.

Reformers and Informers.

The Ninth Ward, since it came into the hands of the Reformers, can well lay claim to being the most disorderly ward in the city. In the hands of Reformers, another name merely for Informers, it promises to be a perfect Pandemonium. Not content with refusing to grant licenses for the sale of liquors, a system of "spying" has been organized, and no individual is safe, either in private or public life, from the eves-dropping and scandal-mongering of the [illegible] from house to house (wherever it is supposed liquor is to be had,) and money given them to purchase intoxicating drinks. These are undeniable facts. These young men, or "spies," thus driven to drink, by premiums given them, will, in a short time, be fit inmates for Blackwell's Island or Sing Sing.

Is it possible that such a system is allowed to exist in a civilized community? We trust that those inhabitants of the Ninth Ward who wish to put a stop to any further extension of the "Spy" system, will at once go to work and endeavor by energetic measures to place men in power who have the interest of the Ward at stake, and who will once more plac ethe Ninth in the position it formerly occupied. Turn out all Informers and Spies.

Hog Fight in Co gress.

A disgraceful "Hog Fight" took place in Washington on Tuesday last, between Mike Walsh, of this city, and Mr. Seward, of Georgia, both gentlemen being members of Congress. Seward endeavored to strike Mike with a chair, but was prevented, when they both clinched and went in "tooth and toe-nail." Mike was the most injured, but it is thought Seward's crowd fell upon Mike, and inflicted the injuries. We believe if Mike has a "fair shake" he can "lick" anything in Congress.

With this example before the eyes of "Young America," is it at all surprising that an occasional fight should take place in this city? When men of *refinement, intelligence*, and possessed of such other abilities as make up a Congress man, disgrace themselves and their constituents by such brutal exhibitions as we are frequently called upon to record, it is high time they were recalled. Would they only engage in a fair ring fight, according to the rules of the Prize Ring, we could applaud their efforts, but Congressmen engaging in a "hog fight," is shameful.

Will the "respectable press" please make a note of this last Congressional squabble? The "boys" look for it.

The North Star.

The "Star," at his training quarters, at Smith's Half Way House, East New York, has been visited by a large number of gentlemen who take an interest in pedestrian sports. "Young America" is all alive in anticipation of the Star's coming walking match with the champion of England.

Dick Curtis.

THE "PETE OF THE FANCY."

We commence in this week's CLIPPER the Life and Battles of Dick Curtis, otherwise denominated the Pet of the Fancy. Dick was almost equal to Jack Randall, and his success in the Ring was almost unprecedented, he having lost but one battle. This history will be worth preserving.

A God-send.

The late fight was a God-send to the "respectable press" of this city, notwithstanding their sanctimonious appeals to the authorities to put a stop to such affairs in future. Why, these Janus-faced journals would sooner print the particulars of a prize-fight, than any other piece of news. They think as much of a good fight as we do ourselves, and everybody knows we glory in such things. There is this difference, however, we own up—they do not.

The Ring in New York.

HYER AND MORRISSEY.

First Appearance of a New Actor.

DESPERATE CONFLICT BETWEEN
BILL POOL AND JOHN MORRISSEY.

SHOCKING CONDITION OF MORRISSEY.

Morrissey's Statement.

Our readers have already been made acquainted with the differences existing between John Morrissey and Tom Hyer, and the results of the two late meetings between the belligerants, the first at the Union Race Course, and the last at the Abbey. At both meetings much ill-feeling was exhibited on both sides, and talkee, talkee seemed to be the order of the day--actual hostilities were not commenced, but it was supposed that many days would not elapse before the monotony of a hot summer would be relieved by a grand *passage-at-fists*. Nothing, however, of a decisive character took place between Hyer and Morrissey, the former not caring to enter into a contest on the "rough and tumble" principle, as proposed by Morrissey, and the latter having no particular desire to risk the sum of $10,000 on the issue of a Fair Ring Fight.

As we have before stated, the quarrel between Hyer and Morrissey dates its origin from the time the fight took place between Morrissey and Thompson, in California, some four years since.—Hyer deeming the conduct of Morrissey on that occasion as unmanly, and deserving of the censure of every true sporting man. Morrissey on arriving in this city, became aware of the ill-feeling existing against him, but did not take particular cognizance of it at the time. At the time of Morrissey's fight with Sullivan, Hyer tooks side against the former, and espoused the cause of his late opponent, Sullivan, though not as a participant in the battle. Hyer was made stakeholder of a small amount of money put up as an outside bet. It is the rule that all bets shall be governed by the decision of the Referee, and as goes the Battle Money, so go all outside bets. The Referee having decided in favor of Morrissey, (though it must be admitted, rather hastily,) and the battle money having been awarded to Morrissey, it was the duty of those holding money on the event to give it up to the parties betting on Morrissey. Hyer, it appears, refused to give up the money held by him, insisting that Sullivan had won the battle. In this Hyer acted contrary to all precedent, and in opposition to the general rules of betting. His own friends condemn his course in this respect, whilst his continued refusal to satisfy the demands of Morrissey only tended to render more bitter the feeling of his enemies. It is this fact that has kept open the wound, and that prompted Morrissey to the course he has pursued in endeavoriog to drive Hyer into a combat. Morrissey felt himself aggrieved by the conduct of Hyer, and this feeling also extended to those who were looked upon as the friends of Hyer.

On Wednesday evening, 24th July, Morrissey "dropped in," at the City Hotel, corner of Howard street and Broadway, and being perhaps a little excited or overheated, or *something else*, he commenced, after *smiling a few*, to "talk fight," notwithstanding his old enemy, Hyer, was not present. Among those in the room, was Bill Poole, pretty well known as a "rough ally," and equally well known as sporting the most "killing moustache" on Broadway. Poole is one of the Hyer school, and it was not surprising that Morrissey and Hyer's "scholar" should get into an argument upon the most exciting topic of the day, viz: "shoulder hitting," and the benefits resulting therefrom. The weather being exceedingly *warm*, it could not be expected that our pugilistic friends could "keep cool," and they did'nt. Morrissey imagined himself about the "biggest ram in the Pen," while Poole seemed to have no doubt whatever that he could "take the starch out of anything that looked like him;" the outsiders consequently looked upon our two friends as being decidedly "some pumpkins."

Offers to fight were made by both parties, but there was always some obstacle in the way, and as fast as one proposition was disposed of, another was advanced. During this interesting argument, "knife was talked," "chawing one another up," advocated, "take it as yer kin ketch it," proposed, and "kick, bite, gouge and tear yer eyes out," freely commented upon. It was finally decided to fight a "rough and tumble fight," which includes, "take it as yer kin ketch it," "chawing each other up," "and kick, bite, gouge, scratch," and so forth.

Morrissey bantered Poole to fight him in this fashion for $50 a side, and, what is rather singular, allowed Poole the privilege of selecting the ground. Poole accepted the banter, "kivered Morrissey's fifty," and announced Amos street wharf, as "the spot," and 7 o'olock the following morning as the "time." Morrissey, in giving Poole the choice o[illegible] ground, unwittingly gave him the victory, for Poole, on his "own dunghill," could scarcely be taken down by a dozen Morrissey's. So, at least, say "the boys," and what "the boys" say is gospel.

Accordingly, on the morning of Thursday, quite a smart little crowd began to assemble on Amos street wharf, some to see if the *sun ever rose in the west*, others to discuss the propriety of recalling Sir Charles Napier from the command of the Baltic fleet, and sending another "Know Nothing" in his place. At half-past 6 A. M., a very early hour for "the boys," to be up, "an individual might have been seen wending his way" among the crowd. That was Poole, he was around, he was, and nothin' shorter. At a quarter to 7 A. M. another "individual might have been seen wending *his* way" down the dock. That was Morrissey, *that* was. The crowd gave way, and in a moment these two "morning glories" stood opposite each other prepared for the fray. There was no time to waste—no bottle holders or seconds to select—no umpires or referee to appoint—but each man was left to act for himself. Morrissey eyed his opponent with a savage leer, while Poole cunningly surveyed his man, keeping "wide awake" for the first opening—he seemed to "know nothing" but his opponent. Having thus placed these two combatants before each other, let us reflect for a moment upon the brutal passions which thus lead men to confront each other for the avowed purpose of acting more like brutes than accountable human beings—to kick and bite, to gouge the eyes, and to otherwise disfigure each other. This system of fighting is, indeed, brutal. How much better would it have been, how manly and equal the strife, had these men followed the rules of the Prize Ring, and stood up to decide their match by a fair ring fight.

Morrissey, wishing "to get to work," let out his left for the purpose of *feeling* Poole, but the latter dodged the blow, and suddenly grasping Morrissey a little below the centre of gravitation, tilted him *up* and brought him *down skerwash*, easing his fall a little by *falling heavily upon him!* What transpired after this is involved in mystery—certain it is, however, that Poole had Morrissey under him for about ten minutes, "giving him fits," according to the rules made and provided. Morrissey could not budge, but was compelled to be *receiver general*, without having the privilege of making any *returns*. In this unenviable predicament he acknowledged defeat by crying "enough," and was hurried off the ground to his hotel in Leonard street, where he was speedily attended by physicians.

There are many conflicting rumors respecting the fight. Some persons state [illegible] a whole *shop load of boots were kicking at him*, whilst others were maltreating him in divers other ways. Others again state that not a single individual but Poole touched him, and if you don't believe it, you can have striking proof of the fact. It does seem strange that Poole could keep down for such a length of time a man more powerful than himself, besides inflicting such dangerous punishment upon him. But this is accounted for by the fact that the severe fall Morrissey received so stunned him as to render him almost insensible and incapable of defending himself. Poole had a tremendous, vice-like "grip" upon the throat of his opponent, and was also busy "chawing him up," precisely as he would a piece of good sirloin steak. Johnny Ling was severely handled by the friends of Poole, and a free fight was the consequence, Morrissey's friends coming out as fast as they went in. There was no chance for them whatever. It is said Ling was punished for interfering in the fight by endeavoring to pull Poole off. An individual who seemed anxious to *put up* $300 on Morrissey was *taken down* immediately, and came very near being thrown overboard. In about 15 minutes after hostilities commenced the ground was cleared and Amos street was left to its usual quietness.

Morrissey after the battle presented a shocking spectacle, and scarcely could any of his friends recognise him. His eyes were closed, and one of them was found to be gouged from one end of the socket, which injury will probably impair his sight. There were large bunches on all parts of his head. His face above and below the eyes was blackened by violent blows given on the bridge of his nose. There is a hole in his cheek, and his lips also were chawed up in a frightful manner. He also sustained fearful injuries about his breast, arms and back. He was about the house attending to his business on Friday, and since that time. The following is the

STATEMENT OF MORRISSEY.

About a year and a half ago Bill Poole and Tom Hyer came to my room at the "Gem," after midnight, and upon entering the apartment, they found me in bed, and at once locked the door on me. Hyer approached me and asked me what I wanted to fight him for, and I replied, because "you have ill-treated me." He said, "Get up and fight." I said, in reply: "You have got a friend with you, let me go and get one, and we will have a fight." Poole then spoke up and said: "I'll give you a show." I replied, "I have had a good many shows of that kind, and they make me sore." He (Poole) then remarked: "Don't you fight that big fellow, Hyer, for if you do, he will lick you." I told him I didn't want his advice on it, as I had to suffer the punishment, if any, and not he." He then said: "Hyer can whip me, and I don't know whether *you* can or not." I gave him to understand that if he ever interfered with me, I would whip him. I talked to them both in such a manner, that they finally felt ashamed of themselves, and left the room.

In regard to my meeting Poole at the City Hotel last Wednesday afternoon, it was purely accidental, as I called there to see a man on business. I saw this person and was talking to him about some money, when Poole interfered and told this man to "spend that money." I told Poole I did not come there to talk to him, and that *he* nor any one else should spend my money. We then had some high words about fighting. I asked him if he wanted to fight? He said he was not big enough, but told me if I would put myself on an equality with him, he would fight. I replied that I did not want to fight that way, nor did I come there to talk about fighting. He then told his friends he would fight me with butcher knives, I then called Poole aside privately, and told him this was a thing I tried to avoid as much as possible; but, as it was his own proposal, I would do it I told him we could each get a friend, or we would go *alone*. This he refused to do, and then commenced talking about it in the bar-room. I told him then he was like all the rest of them, "who talked a great deal more than they would do." I then told him I would give him $50 to name any place and fight me, and he named Christopher-street. I told him he ought to be ashamed to name that locality, for he knew I would have no chance, if I went there. He then bet me $50 that he would name another place, where I would not fight him. He then named Amos-street dock, and not knowing it was located in the vicinity where his gang congregates, I accepted. My friends advised me not to go. When I started from my house to go and fight Poole, I was *alone*, but little did I think that Poole had a hundren men on the ground stripped to whip me.

When I arrived at Amos-street I knew I was obliged to be whipped. I, however, went down the dock and met Poole. As we squared off, all of Poole's friends (for nobody else was there) surrounded me. I then turned towards them and said, "Sit down and you all can see the fight." At this time about a dozen of the hounds broke out and exclaimed, "We will do as we please." I then said to them, "Why all of you don't want to murder me, do you?" I then hit at Poole, and no sooner than I had given the blow, I was struck by some half dozen persons standing at my back. Poole then clenched me but did not throw me, as was erroneously stated in the papers. The crowd seized hold of me and pulled me down. When I fell I had Poole in such a position that it was utterly impossible for him to hit me. At the time we fell his friends commenced kicking me in the face, and holloed, "kill him." Poole never hit me a single blow, but bit me in the cheek. I looked around to see if I knew any body there. I did not see any one but Poole's friends, who were engaged in kicking me. I began to think I was about to be killed by the crowd and halloed "Enough;" but this did not do any good, as they continued to kick me until they thought I was about dead. After I rose to my feet Poole again hit me several times. When I started to go to the foot of Amos-street, I supposed that fair play would be shown me in the fight with Pool; but, instead of that, I was ferociously assaulted by the entire mob, and I without a friend! Notwithstanding all the violence that was used toward me by the mob, I am ready to fight Bill Poole within 48 hours, and I will fight him any way he chooses to name, and at any place, barring Amos-street, or any portion of that locality where his cowardly gang holds out. However I am of the opinion that Poole is too big a coward to fight me fairly at any other place. I acknowledge that I got the worst of it, and hope Poole will unhesitatingly act honorably, and do right when I call to see him, as I positively assure him I will do, in a very short time. I further tell Mr. Poole I will not take as much time to find him as he has taken to find other people! In regard to the crowd that beat me, I can recognise five of them; and if Poole will only fight me shall freely forgive them all. In concluding this card, I would state to the public that I have been misrepresented in many of the journals in regard to my looking for these rows or provoking them in any manner. I desire to live peaceably, and to have the good opinion of my fellow beings. I am no bully and have never insulted a man first in all my life. I have lived in the city of New-York six years, and never quarrelled with any man except these fighters, who seem to have a liking to hunt me out, and co-operate together to beat me at any and every opportunity.

JOHN MORRISSEY.

The excitement throughout the city during the latter part of last week was intense—nothing seemed to be talked about except the fight. Very little sympathy was manifested for Morrissey, on account of his seeming desire to create a disturbance with Hyer. Hyer was not present at the fight, and thus showed his good judgment. What will be the end of this affair it is hard to determine, but if it should result in nothing more serious than a "bout at fisticuffs," we will indeed be surprised.

The following communications in reference to the fight have been received, and as our rule is to give all a hearing, we place them before our readers:

New-York, July 30.

MR. EDITOR—Seeing a great deal in the papers about the late fight, in which Morrissey was so shamefully treated, I hope you will do justice by inserting these few lines. I was present at the fight, and instead of Poole getting Morrissey down alone, he was pulled down by Poole's friends, for Poole had told them before the fight began that if he got Morrissey down he could lick him. This is the secret of it. As soon as Poole rushed in, his friends also rushed, and Morrissey was soon down. Once down there was no chance for him, for he had to take the kicks of as many as could get at him. Is this a fair way of fighting? I think not. Poole will have a chance shortly to see if he, *alone*, can whip Morrissey. There will be a different tale to tell then.

AN EYE WITNESS.

To the Editor of the New-York Clipper:

DEAR SIR.—I being an eye witness to the fight between Morrissey and Bill Poole, and having heard a good deal of talk about Poole's friends kicking Morrissey when he was down, I would state that it is false. Every Irishman has something to say about 8 or 9 men kicking Morrissey, when they know it is false. The Irish don't like the idea of a Yankee whipping an Irishman. The Yankee can't be put down. Insert this, and oblige

T. E. W——m.

The Finale.

ARREST OF MORRISSEY AND POOLE.

The authorities, fearing a repetition of the fight, in consequence of Morrissey expressing his desire to meet Poole and fight him within 48 hours, issued warrants for the arrest of Morrissey and Poole, and on Munday last they appeared before Justice Stuart, who held them to bail in the sum of $5,000 each, to keep the peace for one year. Of course this will only prevent them from fighting in this State.

Distressing Accident.

During the afternoon of the day on which the fight took place, a number of the friends of Mr. Poole had assembled at the public house corner of West and Amos streets, talking over the late "event", and enjoying themselves, when a couple of those present began wrestling, and in a few moments Smith Ackerman, one of those wrestling, was thrown a severe fall, alighting on his head, and receiving such injuries as caused his death in a few hours. The best of feeling existed between Ackerman and his opponent, and the latter seems in great distress that what was begun in fun and good nature, should have terminated so fatally.

FUNERAL OF ACKERMAN

The funeral of Mr. Ackerman took place on Sunday afternoon last, from the residence of Mr. Poole, in Christopher st. and was largely attended, the Poole Guard, of which deseased was a member had about 200 members present on the occasion. Deceased was a native of this city, and was aged 36 years.

Hyer Very Quiet.

Mr. Hyer, who seems to have conducted himself in a proper manner throughout the whole of the Morrissey difficulty, remains perfectly docile, and appears to "know nothing" about the fight.

Challenge from Young Cody.

Seeing that Peter McDermott is unable to get Jemmy Trainor to make a match, I, the undersigned, will fight the said Peter McDermott, at 112 lbs., or catch weight, for $300 a side, or as much more as he can raise. Man and money always ready at the house of George Leese, No. 159 West Broadway.

YOUNG CODY.

A Chance for the Light Weights.

I, Ned Hogan, of Dublin, will fight any man in the world at 130 lbs. weight, for from $300 to $500 aside. Man and money ready at Mr. J. Cosgreave's, No. 475 Pearl street, where I can always be found by any one who may wish to make a match.

NED HOGAN.

That Muss in Philadelphia.

Phila., July 29, 1854.

F. QUEEN—Dear Sir:—In the CLIPPER of this date, I notice an article, wherein it is reported that Mendoza, Donnelly, and a man named Lancaster, were the principal performers in a disgraceful exhibition, at the house of Charles Madara. The report is incorrect; the fellow who caused the disturbance, and who struck Mendoza with the oyster iron, is named Lazarus, and the only part played by Lancaster, was to prevent any more harm being done with such a weapon; whereupon Lazarus runs to an Alderman, and has them arrested for an assault on him.

Lancaster is a respectable young man, a Member of the Philadelphia Sparring Association, not given to quarrelling, and one who would scorn to commit such an act as that imputed to him.

TRUTH.

[We are glad to find that Lancaster was a peace-maker, instead of peace-breaker.—a vast difference. We had our doubts at the time, as to Lancaster's being "one of the party," and are pleased to find that he was in no way implicated in the fight. FRED., here's to you.—ED. CLIP.]

Taylor and Blackwood.

BOSTON, July 28, 1854.

MR. QUEEN,

DEAR SIR—I am surprised to hear that John E. Taylor says that a match cannot be made in Boston, on account of the authorities taking notice of it. I say the authorities will take no notice of it as long as the fight is to take place out of this State. Now, I am ready and willing to make a match with him, weight 146 lbs., give or take two pounds, for $300 or $500; to fight any place out of this State that the parties chose to agree upon. If Mr. Taylor will come to Boston or send a friend, I am ready to meet either himself or friend at Even's, No. 13 Theatre Alley, Boston, to put up the first deposit. Last week I sent a personal letter to Mr. Taylor that he did not think worth while to answer. Now, if he intends making a match, he better come on as soon as possible.

Yours, with respect,
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD.

[Taylor promises to make a match with Mr. Blackwood on Saturday evening.—ED. CLIP.]

Rifle-Shooting.

Fish and Dimick's Late Match.

To the Editor of the New-York Clipper:

DEAR SIR—In your last you notice a match lately shot between Messrs. Dimick and Fish, in which the latter beat by 9 and 6 eighths inches, and you state that it was intended more as a test of rifles than shooters, yet you do not mention who made the respective guns, or whether they were made by the parties shooting them. This is a most interesting point to the lovers of the rifle, and by giving us information upon it you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

[An oversight on our part. The winning rifle was made by Mr. F. Fish, of this city, who shot it, and the losing one by James, of Utica.—ED. CLIP.]

"ROUGH AND TUMBLE,"

—OR,—

The Amos Street Fight between Poole and Morrissey.

AIR—*Dearest May.*

Come, "boys," draw nigh and listen
To this my little ditty,
About a "muss" we lately had,
In the great Empire City.
'Twas on a Thursday morning,
When the sun was shining bright,
That the "Fancy" lads to Amos street
Went up to see the fight.

CHORUS.

Oh! Billy Poole, you are a tip top scholar,
For by the rule of the Hyer school
You made the Champion "holler."

'Twas nigh the hour of seven o'clock,
And Poole was on the ground,
When Morrissey hastened to the spot,
And swore he was "around."
The "boys," all eager for the fun,
Stood by in *mild* array,
To watch the "Western Champion" meet
The "hero of the day."

CHORUS—Oh! Billy Poole, &c.

The crowd was hushed, and all was still,
Not e'en the birds did sing,
While Poole and Morrissey ready "peeled,"
Stood forth within the ring:
Oh! 'twas a glorious sight to see
These *brussers*, strong and bold,
Eyeing askance each other's moves,
Both eager to take hold.

CHORUS—Oh! Billy Poole, &c.

A step—a rush—and Morrissey tried
To give a dangerous blow;
But, quick as thought, Poole dodged and caught
Poor Morrissey "down below."
With almost superhuman strength,
Poole made a mighty bound,
And with terrific energy
Dashed Morrissey to the ground.

CHORUS—Oh! Billy Poole, &c.

With deadly grasp upon his throat,
Poole gouged, did bite and "chaw,"
Until the face of Morrissey
Was left entirely raw.
He there was fixed as if a vice
Did hold him to the spot,
Without a chance to move himself,
And friends, they knew him not.

CHORUS—Oh! Billey Poole, &c.

He tried once more to raise himself,
But found it all in vain,
For kicks and blows fell thick and fast—
Just like a shower of rain.
He *felt* convinced Poole was a man
Made of the "best of stuff,"
And thus convinced, he cried aloud—
"Hold, Bill, I've got enough'"

CHORUS—Oh! Billy Poole, &c.

'Twas said that Morrissey had to fight
With Poole and all his "crowd,"
But by the "Pugilistic Rules,"
Such things are not allowed;
But if, by chance, he did get struck
By any more than one,
It must have been, we really think,
Entirely in fun!

CHORUS—Oh! Billy Poole, &c.

So now the battle's at an end,
And both the men bound over,
We hope, for twelve months and a day,
To live in peace—and clover.
But should the "war" break out again,
And the "boys" be called to fight,
We hope they'll all "act on the square
And "do the thing that's right."

CHORUS.

Oh! Billy Poole, you are a tip top scholar,
For by the rule of the Hyer school,
You made the Champion "holler."

PEDESTRIANISM.

Second Foot Race at the Hippodrome.

Wednesday, July 26.

The attendance was not quite so good as at the previous race, though there was a very fair audience. Twenty-four competitors contended for the three prizes, and made a very pretty race. The first prize of $50 was won by S. Acker; the second, of $20, by M. Cassidy; the third, a silver cup, by T. McKenny. The winners of the previous race were not allowed to enter. The Champion of England contended for a prize, but soon gave out.

The following is the time:

1st round,	28 sec.	7th round,	36 sec
2d	"	30 "	8th	"	33 "
3d	"	38 "	9th	"	42 "
4th	"	36 "	10th	"	48 "
5th	"	38 "	11th	"	42 "
6th	"	36 "	12th	"	40 "
Total,.....					7.27

Distance one mile and a quarter.

Third Foot Race—Friday, July 28.

The Hippodrome this evening was well filled, and no less than 51 runners started. The prizes were the same as usual, and the distance also the same. With such a large number running, it was almost impossible for those in the rear ranks to gain the lead, even if they were able; consequently, those who were in the first rank had the best chance. Several of the pedestrians were thrown down, while some received punches in the ribs, in the anxiety of others to pass them. At each round the number running decreased, until the last round, when only about eight of the 51 entered "stuck it out." The following was the result:

First prize, $50, won by Richard Quigley; second prize, $20, won by James Lynch; third prize, silver cup, won by T. Jackson.

THE TIME.

1st round,	27½ sec.	8th round,	40 sec
2d	"	32 "	9th	"	38 "
3d	"	34 "	10th	"	37 "
4th	"	38 "	11th	"	37 "
5th	"	36 "	12th	"	38 "
6th	"	37 "			
7th	"	38 "	Time		7.12½

It will be seen that the time was 8 seconds slow, than the time made on Monday evening.

We would remark, that the Manager should not allow so many to enter for one race, as it is impossible for all to have an equal chance in the running—not more than 12 should be allowed to run together, when the race would be rendered more exciting.

AND TUMBLE;"
—OR,—
Street Fight between
and Morrissey.
—Dearest May.

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CHORUS.

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Oh! Billy Poole, &c.

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Oh! Billy Poole, &c.

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Oh! Billy Poole, &c.

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STRIANISM.

Race at the Hippodrome.

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	12th "	40 "

7.27

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Time 7 19½

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The Final Contest.—Race of the Winners.

EXCITING TRIAL BETWEEN BARLOW AND GRINDELL.

The late races have proved a source of considerable profit to the managers of the Hippodrome. On Monday evening last quite a large audience assembled to witness the foot race between the nine winners of the three previous races. A description of the mode of conducting a foot race at the Hippodrome may not prove uninteresting to those of our readers who have not witnessed such matters. At the conclusion of the regular performances, the inner part of the track is raked and a heavy iron roller drawn over the ground to render it more solid and compact. The judge then takes his position, and calls the runners to draw numbers for positions—this done, and the runners being placed in line, according to the numbers drawn, the judge states the rules of the race, announcing that any unfair advantage being taken by either man will debar him from participating for the prizes.

THE WINNERS' RACE.

At the appointed time Grindell, who seems to be a great favorite on "the other side of the house," was received with three cheers. Barlow was also applauded. Considerable betting took place during the evening, the friends of Grindell backing him against the field, whilst the "Barlow crowd" were no ways shy in picking up all such bets—the success of Grindell over Barlow the first night made the former's friends "go it" with a "perfect looseness." Having drawn their numbers, and taken their positions, it was observed that but seven, instead of nine, were at the scratch, viz:—Barlow, Grindell, Acker, Taylor, Jackson, Cassidy and McKenny. At the tap of the drum they got off very evenly, Barlow and Grindell immediately drawing out ahead; Barlow slightly in advance, made for the inside, which he gained. In this manner they went the first round, the rear ones becoming still further in the rear.

On the second round, Barlow was ahead, with Grindell close at his heels—the latter made a push, and breasted Barlow, but was unable to gain the inside position. In this way they continued until the fourth round, when but three competitors were left to contend for the supremacy. The excitement at this time was most intense. On the fifth and sixth round, but little variation in the positions of the men, Barlow still ahead, Grindell hanging on to him with spirit, whilst Acker was twenty yards in the rear, falling off at each round. On the seventh, eighth, and ninth round, Grindell fell behind somewhat, but encouraged by his friends, he put on the steam, and again went up to his opponent. On the tenth round, he reached Barlow, and took his position about one foot on the lead, but Barlow made a dash, and soon went in front again, leading his competitor about three yards. The friends of the different men were almost wild with excitement at this time, yelling and making all sorts of noises. On turning for the eleventh round, it became evident that Barlow had the race in his own hands, (or *feet* rather) for he would leave his opponent at will. Grindell, however, did all that could be done, but was unable to shoot ahead, Barlow hugging the inside, and thus having considerable advantage over Grindell; Acker still on the tramp, but almost out of sight. At the beginning of the twelfth and last round, Barlow had about two yards the lead, which he continued to maintain, and finally, on the coming in turn, made an effort, and increased the distance between himself and Grindell, reaching the Judge's stand about four yards ahead. Time in running the twelve rounds, or one mile and a quarter, six minutes and forty-six seconds.

We have seldom seen a better contested race, both Barlow and Grindell using their utmost exertions to win. After the race there was much talk about a match between Barlow and Grindell; some offering to back Grindell for $1000, others offering to do the same for Barlow; but no actual match was made. Grindell, at the close of the race, looked as if he could run the same distance over again without being greatly fatigued. It was proposed to back Grindell against Barlow for a two mile heat, but we did not learn that the proposal was accepted. Grindell, for a novice, has proved himself a runner not to be slighted, but we would not advise his friends to match him against such an old and experienced a pedestrian as Barlow, at least not at present.

We hope our readers will not countenance the proposed race between 75 runners, this Thursday evening. The strongest man only has the chance, not the swiftest runner. We rather imagine the manager wishes to run pedestrianism into the ground by his getting up such disgraceful matches.

The Hippodrome Races.

A correspondent who took part in the late races at the Hippodrome is justly indignant at the manager allowing such a large number to run on Friday night. He also says:—

A certain youth ran on Friday night who deserves notice for his acting during the race; having knocked over one or two opponents, elbowed another in the head, and clubbed another in the back. He stood about six feet high and though he did not win, it was not for want of strength he lost.

P.S.—As for Wednesday nights race I am willing to make a match with either of the three winners to run 25 or 30 times round the ring of the Hippodrome for as many dollars a side. My address can be had at the Clipper office.

To the Runners at the Hippodrome.

The undersigned is ready to make a match with any of the runners at the late races at the Hippodrome—distance half a mile, for the sum of $50 or $100 a sides. Particulars made known at the CLIPPER office.

JAMES DORCY.

BROOKLYN, July 29.

Pat Gordon.

In response to a challenge from Jack Williams, published in our last, Mr. Gordon called upon us on Monday last, and desired us to state that he will run Mr. Williams either one hundred yards or one mile, for the sum of $100. As an evidence that Mr. Gordon means business he placed in our hands a small deposit to make a match. Mr. Gordon will be at our office on Monday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock, when Mr. Williams can have an opportunity of making a match if he is so disposed.

Hi. Horton's Late Race.

Several weeks since, a match was made for a foot race between Hi. Horton and another runner, whose name we could not learn. Everything was kept quiet concerning the race. Mr. John Carland, was the backer of Horton, and it is said invested $3900 on him. Mr. Wm. Poole, we understand, was the stakeholder. On the day appointed for the race, Mr. Horton, it is said, purposely lost the race by placing his foot over the scratch, previous to starting, it being stipulated in the articles of agreement, that either man thus acting, should lose the race. Mr. Carland, in order to obtain redress, made a complaint a few days since against Mr. Poole, charging him with fraud. A hearing of the case will soon take place, unless the parties make it all right among themselves. Mr. Carland believes the race was made for the purpose of defrauding him.

Mickey Free not Dead.

Several of the papers of Friday last having announced the death of Mickey Free, by cholers, at Jersey City, that individual being in Albany at the time immediately came to New-York to *see if it was true*, for says Mickey "Since Know Nothings is about *I thought I might be dead and not know it.*"

YACHTING.

Great Yacht Race for $1000.

WILCOX AND KEYSER.

The race between the celebrated yachts Daniel L. Wilcox and John S. Keyser, is to take place on the River Delaware, on Saturday, August 5th. The match is for the sum of $500 a side, and the distance to be sailed is from Kensington Gas Works, Philadelphia, to Hook Buoy and back.

This promises to be one of the most exciting races that has taken place on the Delaware for many years, for both yachts will be under the guidance of the most skilful men and no effort will be left unspared by either party to win the match.

In order to accommodate the thousands who are anxious to witness the race the steamer Miantonomi has been chartered for the occasion, and will accompany the yachts throughout the match. Our Philadelphia friends as well as enthusiastic yachtmen in this city, should not miss this opportunity of witnessing the great contest between the Wilcox and Keyser.

Full particulars of the match will be given in next week's Clipper.

Yacht Race, for $10,000.

VIRGINIANS AGAINST NEW-YORK.

A yacht race took place at Old Point Comfort, Va., on the 22nd ult., between the yacht Breeze, belonging to William Allen, Esq., of Virginia and the sloop Missina, Capt. Ruckman, of New-York. The vessels are owned respectively by the aforenamed gentlemen, and were under their immediate control and supervision in the race. The race was for $5,000 a side. The Breeze was purchased of Stevens, of New-York, whose name is identified with the famous yacht America, whose sailing qualities rendered her so conspicuous with our transatlantic brethren, and which furnished such unmistakable evidence of our superiority in boat building—particularly in reference to speed. She is 115 tons burthen, has had several races heretofore in which she far outstripped her competitors and was in consequence decidedly the favorite. The sloop is but eighteen tons, and possesses fine sailing qualifications. The contest was one of unusual interest and excitement. The two vessels left Old Point precisely at 12 minutes past 11 o'clock A. M., accompanied by the schooner Byrd of Philadelphia, which had entered in the regatta, (this vessel was met by the Breeze and Massena at Sewell's Point, on the return of the yachs from Craney Island,) both yachts making a S. W. by W. course and fetched the mouth of the Nansemond river, then tacked round and stood towards Craney Island. The Breeze turned the light ship fifteen minutes ahead of the Massena, wind free from S.S.W. left the, light ship for Willoughby's Point light ship and made for Old Point, where the Breeze arrived precisely at 6 minutes past 4 P. M., beating the Massena 19 minutes. The distance sailed was 41 miles. Time, 4 hours and 54 minutes.

The Turf.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.

MONDAY, July 31, match $400, mile heats in harness.

H. Woodruff named blk. g.
Pedlar.....2 1 1
James Whelpley named b.
m. Lady Hudler.....1 2 2
Time, 3.04—3.07—3.03.

Ragatta at Harlem.

On Thursday, 27th ult., according to announcement, the match of the amateur clubs came off at Harlem. The following boats were registered, and started in the race:

Boats.	Owners.	Ft.	In.
Mary	S. E. PHILIPS	14	2
Georgiana	WALTER BRADY	15	1
Kate Hayes	—"—	19	1
Tornado	McGOWAN & BRADY	21	0
Challenge	GRAHAM & McKOSKAR	22	5
Wide Awake	DAVID KIRBY	22	6
Black Squall	AUG. LAWRENCE	22	11
Gypsey	ABRAHAM BARKER	22	3
Fulton	E. D. McCOMBER	24	11
J. S. Austin	JNO. S. AUSTIN	27	9

and the *Mystery*, belonging to one of the physicians of Ward's Island, started after time. Two minutes were allowed on each foot to the boats on starting—half of the time allowed in leaving, the residue on arrival. All left under jib and mainsail, and on the starboard tack, under the influence of a heavy breeze which sprung up about 10½ o'clock. The articles of agreement secured to the betters that the boats should arrive within four hours from the time of starting.

The *Gipsey* won the first prize by 40 seconds; the *Fulton* the second, beating the *Challenge* by 9 min. 10 sec. The *Challenge* beat the *Wide Awake* 2 min. 35 sec. The allowance made the *Gypsey* was 2 min. 40 sec., in regard to length. The weather was peculiarly favorable. It is expected another match will soon come off, when the merits of the rival boats will be tested under more favorable circumstances.

AQUATICS.

Acquatic Sports on the Delaware.

NUMBER SIX.

"MICHAEL REINDEER'S FIRST VENTURE ON THE BRINY DEEP.

OUR CORNER, PHILADELPHIA, July 20th, 1854.

DEAR CLIP.—Your truly valuable and *fast* little "Clipper" is beginning to be appreciated in the sporting circles here away. Though young in years it is old in go-a-headativeness; and however deficient in "material," is *rich* in "manufacture." The Clipper will, nay, *must* succeed, notwithstanding its talented editor may be made a target for a six-barrelled shooter, and its modest correspondent be devoured, like a bowl of hot broth, by the Philistines. We, the good-natured unassuming "Flints," are to be hung in effigy on the lower spit of Tinicum, precisely at 12 M. on the first "6th day" of every month until further notice; however, as no one eats meat on a Friday, we have some hope of ultimately being decently interred. As to you, friend Clip, salt has lost its charm to save, and thou ar't to die the death of a —— a hem, exactly so. Reindeer, Reindeer, oh, thou savage executioner, who providedth the rope and springeth the trap, have you no mercy, no *brandy and water* to cheer the poor defunct on his squorching tour, or "golden horned *calf*," as a peace offering for his sinful soul? Verily I say unto thee, Oh! Michael, thou art a savage.

On Wednesday evening we dropped into Bender's, on Dock street, to witness the preliminaries contingent to drawing up articles for the great match between the celebrated yachts Wilcox and Keyser. They are to sail on Saturday, the 5th of August, for $1000. We *think* we can name the boat that will win, even at this stage of the race. At the same time we caution the eel-skin gentry, professors of horse pharmacy, graduates of the card college, and bruisers of the old school. We especially advise our old friend "Reindeer," to "sow up the bag," and keep his yellow boys (if he has any) to "hum." Children should not play with money on *election day*.

A match is on the tapis between the Ida and Emma, for $50 aside. Ere this goes to press a match will doubtless be made between the America and Runaway, for $500 each. We shall soon see what we shall see. We trust the "Roaring Bull" will keep quiet on these momentary occasions, and give Reindeer a *chance*.

The writer had quite a lengthened chat last evening with a boating gentleman from New-York, who supposing the race between the Wilcox and Keyser was to come off on Monday, came here to witness it, at the same time to make a match with the latter boat. Now, we advise the Keyser men to throw their boat off in the coming contest. As the *sapient* Manhattan can doubtless be "drawed on," $5000 is better than one. Reindeer will be pleased to hold his peace and not meddle in the matter, at least until the match is made, as the Yorker, like all uncivilized islanders, is a light, timid "individual," and might be *blown* away ere he is victimised. As Mrs. P. says, in her treatics on cooking, "first *catch* a rabit, then roast him."

R. G. W. alias "Old One," spins a good yarn about "Michael Reindeer's" first venture on the briny deep. It seems that a baptism was being "did" at Kaighn's Point one *warm* March day, and Mike, who, be it known holds a high head in the *sin*-agogue, feeling the *spirit* move him to witness the immersion, got a "square-toe" under way, and, assisted by a pair of oars, removed his "ouse old" effects, and that white *hat*, to the scene of "hoperation." The D. D. S., i. e., Dear Doctor of Souls, after delivering, betwen his chattering teeth, the usual "I baptize thee, &c.," and when about to carry his chilling threat into execution on the person of a suffering sister, was startled from his purpose, by a heavy splash and a w h e-w, not unlike a steam whistle on a frosty morning. It appears Mike, eager to witness the *cold water cure*, had slid his head over the side of the boat a *leetle* too far, which caused a derangement of the powers of equilibrium, and he was precipitated into the consecrated waters, with all his blushing sinfulness thick upon him. We fear the purifying liquid has lost its potency on Mike, for, when asked about the affair, he *swears* that becoming "exorcised" by the good man's words he plunged in of his own accord in order to *cheat* the Priest out of the job. He has since become a "water-rat" of the first magnitude, all sorts of a boating man, and the veritable owner of the Reindeer. Who will dare to doubt the efficacy of *homapathy* after this?

We will be around and note down the points as they turn up. You may look for an impartial account of the "great race," in your next. In the mean time we are, Yours Truly,

FLINTS.

P. S.—Since writing the above we have been informed that the Ida, 22 feet long, and the Emma, 15 feet long, are to sail on Wednesday next. The race will be from the West Jersey Ferry to Horse Shoe Buoy and repeat. $50 on the first heat, $50 on the second, and $100 on the final result. *No time given for difference in length.* F.

Another Broadside from Reindeer.

Philadelphia, July 24th, 1854.

To the Editor of the New-York Clipper:

SIR—Having replied to "Flint's" misrepresentations in last week's Clipper, and finding still further misrepresentations, we would like to correct him and give a fair statement of the facts. In speaking of the races of the boats, he commences with the Pert and Morris: it is true the Pert is 3 feet shorter than the Morris, but not as Flint says, 5 feet shorter. It is also true that she beat the Morris, it blowing almost a gale at the time, for which she deserves great credit. The next race which he mentions was up the river, the wind light and baffling from N. E. Now, the race being for dinners, and Flints going for chances and his grub, of course was in the Pert and got under way first; and Ned knowing Flints to be hungry, told him to start, thereby giving him a half-mile start; but no matter, Flints got a cheap dinner. The next race of Morris and the Shiffler is correct. The next on the list is a regatta for a Silver Pitcher, which the Morris won. Now, Flints knows in his own soul, if he has one, that the Ned Hendry and the Reindeer were not in that race, it being the day that the Bianca and Orion sailed their second match—they sailed from the Point House to the Horse Shoe Bouy and back, the Reindeer winning easily. The next regatta caps the climax. The boats as entered are correct, and the result of the race is also true. But why was it so? The wind was blowing a gale from N. E., and Oliver being 22 feet long, while Reindeer was 18, and the Pert 17. Now for want of a better occupation we advise Flints to take to writing sea novels. We think that J. Fenimore Cooper, and Captain Maryatt would be thrown in the shade. We advise him to call his work the Old Man with the "Tored Pants," or the "Old Codger who took them down." This being a fictitious character, would be about equal to the "Old Man of the Mountains," in Sinbad the Sailor, (Oh Monchausen!) He says that his old codger took them down to the tune of $1,500 or $2,000, when, if the tune was told, which appears to be a matter that Flirts does not understand, there was not $100 bet on the whole race. As to the boys digging the Oliver out of the mud, and selling her for $250, is more humbug. As to the name of tub, that belongs to Flints exclusiveiy, his saying that the Pert would win the race, the Reindeer second, Morris third, and old Tub would be no where. That is the origin of the name Tub. Flints knows this to be true and would have a hard face to deny it.

In the next regatta the Reindeer was not in, that also was for a dinner, Flints knowing to a certainty he could not lose, the last boat paying all; but the Reindeer men, neither too lazy nor proud to work, and having dinners at home, did not feel disposed to enter, wishing to sail for something more substantial. We went up to show the boys the way down, which we did right handsomely, beating the Pert and Irma about two miles, and the Flirt so far that you could not see her with a spy glass. When we arrived up Flints began to blow and so did Captain Sammy, Flints was the most scientific but Sammy was loudest, he wanting to sail down for $25. When he went to "sock up" he had not the tin, so he invited us down to the Waverly Saloon, the next night to make a match from $5 up, when we proposed to sail them for $50 a side, he would not sail us for less than $250 a side. That was to back down, which he did most shamefully. He then proposed to pit the Pert against us thinking to back us down, but we were not to be frightened; that was what we wanted. Now mark the sequel. The boys going over to Camden the day before the race, Captain Sammy getting a little happy, not drunk like "old codger with the torn pants," and Flints having, as he thought a sure thing, proposed to bet; Sammy was "thar." After betting some $20 Sammy offered to bet more, but Flints, kind, generous soul, would take no advantage of him, because he was drunk. Now, it appears that the money did not belong to Flints, he never having that much, but it belonged to a Cake and a great cake he was. Does he know the result of that race? We think he should, it being only a chase, the Pert at no time being ahead. So much for that—now for the Emma. Flints says she takes all down inside of 22 feet; if she can do that for fun, why not for money, as we offer her one mile start? It is another sure thing like the Pert, but we suppose it is like the Flirt's challenge that never was given up and never will be; or is it that funds are short at Sportsmen's Hall. Come Flints, toe the mark—no backing down.

Yours truly,

REINDEER.

Folding and Packing.

NEW-YORK, July 25, 1854.

To The Editor of the New-York Clipper.

DEAR SIR:—We the undersigned have often seen in the newspapers, what may be termed a challenge at folding or packing newspapers, but as both of us are *folder* we cannot accept, but will wager $100 or $1000 against $75 or $800 that we can fold more papers (and do it better) in six hours than any two that can stand against us. Or will bet $1000 against an equal sum that we can fold more newspapers, of the size of the Clipper, in six hours than any *three* folders that can be named in the United States or Canada. All papers are to be folded in what is called singles or five solds. This to remain open three weeks from the date; when, if not accepted, we will make another offer. You, Mr. Editor, or any other responsible person to hold the stakes, and appoint the time for meeting, say Saturday August 5th to make arrangements, at your office. JOHN STEVENS.

GEORGE SHAW.

JOHN McLOUGHLIN, JAMES K. MORRIS. } Witnesses.

Lecomte.

We learn from the Petersburg Democrat that O. P. Hare, Esq., of Newmarket, offered $12,500 to the owner of Lecomte for that splendid four mile racer who made the fastest time ever made in the Union—but it was refused. "We may observe in the same connection," says the Democrat, that a Jockey Club will be made up in Petersburgh in time for the approaching fall races, which are expected to be the finest and most interesting seen on the Newmarket course for a great many years. The first horses in the northern stables will be entered, and to those who take an interest in the turf, capital sport will be offered.

Business Notices.

Beneficial in all Seasons.

That most useful article for the toilet, Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, is not confined, in its beneficial effects, to one particular season, but will be found extremely valuable as a cosmetic, in all seasons. In summer, it prevents or removes tan or sunburn, freckles, &c., &.; whilst in the winter season it heals and prevents chaps, chafes, &c., besides removing all other disfigurements to which the skin is liable. These facts should be borne in mind. Dr. Gouraud also manufactures a most superior article of Hair Dye, which changes light, red, or gray hair, to a beautiful brown or jet black, without in the least staining or injuring the skin. These articles, with various others, equally efficacious, can be procured at Dr. Gauraud's, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

Those Superb Hats.

Messrs. Rafferty & Leask made a great hit with their beautiful drab hats, this summer, if we may judge by the large number sold. We do not wonder at this, however, for ever since these gentlemen brought forward their invention of combining the Daguerreotype Art with the manufacture of hats, their success has been of the most satisfactory kind. Each purchaser of a hat, at either of the establishments of Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, No. 57 Chatham-st, and corner of Chatham and Pearl street, is presented with a likeness, taken on the spot, and fixed in the hat, free of all extra charge. The hats made by the above firm are of the best quality, and sold at remarkable low rates.

English, Irish, Scotch and Continental Newspapers—Cheap publications, &c.
ROGERS' American and Foreign Cheap Publication Depot, 142 & 144 Division-street, junction of Walker and Ludlow.

Bell's Life in London, 18c; London Illustrated News, 18c; Weekly Dispatch, 18c; Dublin Nation, 18c; Paris Universal, 18c; Reynoids's Newspaper, 10c; Weekly Times, 10c; Punch, 10c; Diogenes, 10c; London Journal, 4c; Reynolds's Miscellany, 4c; Family Herald, 4c; and all other cheap publications on the same terms. Trade supplied on liberal terms.

AMUSEMENTS.

Purdy's National Theatre.

A. H. PURDY.....Manager and Proprietor.

☞ Dress Circle and Upper Boxes, 25 cents; Pit, 12½ cents; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Single Persons to Private Box, $1 each; Balcony Box, $8.

GRAND REOPENING!

During the recess, the Theatre has been thoroughly renovated, re-painted, ornamented, carpeted, &c., and the Manager has no hesitation in asserting, that his NEW COMPANY is the best and most powerful company he has ever announced, as the following list will show:

MR. J. R. SCOTT.

Mr H A Perry, the young American Tragedian, who will appear for six nights only.
Mr H F Daly, from the American Museum.
Mr H Howard, from the Broadway Theatre.
Mr G L Fox, the best Comedian on the Stage.
Mr C W Taylor, the popular author and actor.
Wm Thompson, late of California.
Mr Hampton, from the Pittsburgh Theatre.
Mr J Turner, late of the Eastern Theatres.
Mr J Herbert, Mr G Lingard, Mr H Stone, Mr Terry, Mr Chas Toulmin, Mr Lyon, Mr P Cline, Mr W Harris
Mrs H F Nichols, the universal favorite.
Miss A Hathaway, the celebrated Pantomimist and Versatile Actress.
Mrs W G Jones, the popular Actress and Vocalist.
Mrs N H Bannister, Mrs Wray, Miss Barber, Miss Hampton, Miss E Parker, Miss Tree, Mme Jeublee, Miss A Thayer, Miss Bartlett, Miss Lefolle.

NOTICE.—Mr J R Scott not being able to arrive in time for the opening, will appear in a few days.

Dr. Pape's Ladies Silver Pills.

These pills are approved the best remedy for female irregularities, and especially as a preventive to ladies whose health does not permit an increase of family. Sold and sent to any part of the States for one dollar, with proper directions. For consultation on diseases incident to females, apply personally or by letter. All letters treated confidentially.
Address Dr. G. D. PAPE, 412 Broadway.

Buckley's Minstrels,

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.
Buckley.....Properiote
R. Bishop Buckley.....Musical Director
Admission.....25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

Anatomical Museum.

No. 300 Broadway.
A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form. Open day and Evening.
Admittance 25 cents.

A Great Book.

Just published,
THE LIFE AND BATTLES OF
YANKEE SULLIVAN,
Embracing full and accurate reports of his Fights with
HAMMER LANE, BOB CAUNT,
TOM SECOR, TOM HYER,
BILLY BELL JOHN MORRISSEY,
Together with a synopsis of his minor battles, from his first appearance in the Prize Ring until his retirement.
ALSO
The battles between
TOM HYER & COUNTRY McCLEESTER
CRIS. LILLY & TOM McCOY.
GEORGE KENSETT & NED HAMMOND.
ALF. WALKER & JOE HOILES, THE SPIDER."

For sale by ROSS & JONES, No. 101 Nassau street, General Agents; DEXTER & BROTHER, ABEL & YATES, B. W. WINANS, and by news agents and periodical dealers throughout the United States.

PRICE 25 CTS.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

W. O'BRYON WILL BE PLEASED to have his friends inspect his new arrangements. He has fitted up a room where the following amusements are always going on: Saitiles, Knock 'ems Down, Shuffle Board, Bagatelle, Chess, Draughts or Checkers, Dominoes, &c. Also, a snug Reading-Room, with all the principal daily and weekly Newspapers, including Bell's Life. Fine old Ale also on draught. A Free and Easy, called the Odds and Ends, will meet once a week to have a social night. 590 8th Avenue, cor. 42d-st. j17

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

DR. DUPONCO'S FRENCH PERIODICAL Golden Pills, infallible in removing stoppages or irregularities of the menses. These Pills are nothing new, but have been used by the Doctor for many years, both in France and America, with unparalleled success in every case; and he is urged by many thousand ladies, who have used them, to make the Pills Public, for the alleviation of those suffering from any irregularities whatever, as well as to prevent pregnancy to those ladies whose health will not permit an increase of family. Pregnant females, or those supposing themselves so, are cautioned against using these pills while pregnant, as the proprietor assumes no responsibility after the above admonition, although their mildness would prevent any mischief to health; otherwise these pills are recommended. Full and explicit directions accompany each box.

Sold at Retail by

DE GRAFF, corner of Allen and Grand-sts.
CONCKLIN, corner of Broadway and 34th street.
HINTON, corner of 8th Avenue and 20th-st.
BELDEN, 91 8th Avenue.
SMITH, 42 Greenwich street.

And at Wholesale by

C. V. CLICKNER & Co., 81 Barclay st.
HALL, RUCKLE & Co., 220 Greenwich-st.
ALEXANDER & STEELE, 82 Barclay-st.

N. B. The Pills will be sent to any part of the City or Country by enclosing $1. Address Dr. J. DUPONCO, Broadway, Union Square or Chatham street Post Offices, New York.
Agents wanted, address as above.

PERHAM AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

THIRD MONSTER GIFT ENTERprise, in connection with the Exhibitions of his magnificent and immense Mirror of North and South America, the exhibitions of which commence on Monday evening, May 1st.

100,000 Tickets only, at $1 each will be sold. Each purchaser of a Ticket for the Admission of Four Persons to the Exhibition, will be presented with a numbered Certificate, entitling the holder to One Share in the following 100,000 Gifts:

A FARM, located in Harrison Township, Gloucester County, New Jersey, and within 15 miles of Philadelphia. It embraces over 100 acres of land, in a high state of cultivation, with Dwelling, Barns, and other necessary out-houses, in good repair. There is a large orchard of choice fruits. A fine water-power and good stone quarry are on the premises, the latter of which is the only one in the neighborhood: and on it the country in the immediate vicinity depend for public purposes. Title indisputable. Valued at - - - $16,000
(Any information in regard to the Farm can be obtained of Belan Redfield, tenant on the premises.)
A Perpetual Loan, without security or interest, - - - - - 5,000
" " " " 2,000
" " " " 1,000
2 " " " $500 each 1,000
10 " " " 100 " 1,000
The celebrated Trotting Mare "Lilly Dale," who can trot, in harness, a mile in 2:40—valued at - - - 1,500
5 Rosewood Pianos, valued at $500 each, 2,500
5 " " " 300 " 1,500
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15 Avery's Crystal Palace Medal Premium Sewing Machines, valued at..... 50 on 750
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50 Gent's Gold Fob Chains, valued at..... 20 on 1,000
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200 Sets Ladies' Ear-rings, valued at..... 7 50 1,500
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Hanley on-Thames Royal Regatta.

(From Bell's Life in London, July 9.)

The sixteenth annual regatta on this most lovely sheet of water was held on Thursday and Friday, the 29th and 30th ult. The weather was very fine, especially on the first day, and though there was a smart shower on the second, with less of sun, yet on the whole it was very enjoyable, and never was there a greater concourse of spectators drawn together in any previous year.

The bridge and all the approaches to the water side, were crowded with carriages, among which several drags from Oxford, and one with the officers of the Blues from Windsor, were most conspicuous. A large party of ladies and gentlemen were entertained in the gardens of Phillis Court, and the meadows literally swarmed. On the second day it seemed as if all Oxford had come over in a body, and on the first, the appearance of the river was greatly enlivened by the Eton eight, in their uniform of light blue, the crew consisting of 1. Erawin, 2. Blofeld, 3. Lord Skelmersdale, 4. Browning, 5. Lloyd, 6. Alderson, 7. Clive, 8. Moore, steered by the father of Mr. Moore, the stroaker oar; their rowing was very generally admired, and in one of the heats they good naturedly carried the umpire There were also several other long boats, manned from this ancient school of learning, and rowing. Two o'clock was the time named for the commencement of the racing, and shortly before that hour had struck, a gun was fired from the meadows, and eight of the most renowned London watermen, viz., 1. T. Mackinney, 2. J. Phelps, 3. R. Newell, 4. W. Pocock. 5. R. Doubledee, 6. J. Mackinney, 7. J. Messenger, 8. R. Coombes, came dashing through the bridge, with that precise and even dip, in which they alone are perfect, carrying the umpire, T. S. Eagan, Esq., of Caius College Cambridge, at the yoke lines. W. Meade King, Esq., of Pembroke College, Oxford, and H. Tomkinson, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge, took their stations, as judges, at the winning post, and the sport began with the race for

THE PRESENTATION CUP.

This prize, a very handsome silver goblet, is the gift of Mr. Walford, of the firm of Makepeace and Walford, Serle-street, Lincoln's Inn, the silversmiths to the regatta; it is for scullers, resident within a certain distance of the town of Hanley, and stands in lieu of the silvery wherry, formerly presented by the same firm.

FIRST HEAT,

Mr. E. J. Giles, Henley . . 1
Mr. H. Sargeant, Henley . . 0

Mr. Brookbank was also entered, but did not start. Mr. Sargeant had the Berkshire shore, and at starting got a slight lead, Mr. Giles being somewhat slow; the latter, however, soon began to draw up and at Remenham, which is about a quarter of a mile from the Island, gradually rowed in front, crossed into Sargeant's water, and eventually won by several lengths. Mr. Sargeant had only determined on rowing a few days previously, and was, consequently, in anything but good condition.

SECOND HEAT.

Mr. T. Piper, Caversham . . 1
M. T. Benham, Wargrave . . 0

Mr. Brooks had entered, but withdrew. After going a very short distance, Piper showed in advance, and, increasing his lead all the way, won very easily, Mr. Benham doing his best with much pluck, but he was quite overmatched.

FINAL HEAT.

Mr. T. Piper, Caversham . . 1
Mr. E. Giles, Henley . . 0

Mr. Piper having won the toss, took the Bershire side, Giles being quite over on the opposite shore. There was a most excellent struggle at the start, lasting nearly up to Remenham, when the quickness and determination of Piper began to tell, and he soon put Giles, who fell off very much in his rowing at this point, in the rear; when near the Poplar, Piper had increased his lead so considerably that Giles apparently gave up the contest.

THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS.

FIRST HEAT.

M. H. Playford, Wandle Club - 1
M. Nottidge, Argonaut's Club - 0

Mr. Playford made choice of the Bucks side, and a most excellent start was effected, Mr. Nottidge having slightly the worst of it; they had not, however, gone any great distance when he put on a capital spurt, and at Remenham had so improved his position as to be scull and scull with his opponent; they continued thus for about 200 yards, when Mr. Playford again began to draw away, and it then became apparent that the great struggle to get level had been too much for Mr. Nottidge, and that his strength was quite exhausted, indeed, it may be said that before the Poplar he had given up the race, and Mr. Playford rowed quietly in. Mr. Nottidge had been very carefully trained by T. Cole, the champion, and Mr. Playford by H. Salter, and he rowed in a boat built for him by J. Salter. Time 10min. 16sec.

SECOND HEAT.

Mr. R. C. Galton, Trinity College, Cambridge . . . 1
Mr. W. F. Short, New College, Oxford . . . 0

This race was looked forward to with great interest by the members of both Universities. Mr. Short has, for some time, held a high reputation at Oxford, both as an oarsman and as a sculler; last year he was winner of the champion sculls there, and Mr. Galton was the winner this year of the Colcalhoun sculls at Cambridge, they were likewise the bow oars of their respective boats in the last University match at Putney. Mr. Short took the Berkshire side, having won the toss, but, at the start, Mr. Galton was off like lightning, took the lead immediately and, soon after passing Remenham, was so well in advance that he took his opponent's water, and rowed the remainder of the distance without distressing himself, except a final spurt in, which, though very pleasant for the spectators, we think better dispensed with in a trial heat, for, till the race is quite finished, and the prize won, the more prudent course is evidently to husband what strength may yet be left. Both gentlemen rowed in boats built by James Messenger, of Teddington. Time, 11 min 12sec; strong head wind.

FINAL HEAT.

Mr. Playford - - - - 1
Mr. Galton - - - - 0

Mr. Galton selected the Bucks side as the wind was rather fresh from that shore, and consequently, the water there less ruffled, but, on the word "off," Mr. Playford got a little the best of the start, and soon setting to work in excellent style, was at Remenham nearly his length clear ahead; here Mr Galton began to increase his exertions into a downright spurt, coming up fast with, and at the same time drawing over towards his opponent; this continued some time till the boats were so near each other that the umpire, who was rowing just astern of them, stood up in his boat to watch their proceeding more narrowly, and when they at last came in contact and Mr. Galton made an appeal, he was answered with the fatal words "you have lost." This termination of the race was of course the source of great mortification to all, and to none more we believe than to the gentlemen themselves, as, though the prize goes with the award, the respective merits of the scullers remain untested; there was a mutual desire that the question should be set at rest after the termination of the other races by a friendly match, but it did not come off on account of Mr. Galton having had so much hard work.

THE STEWARD'S CHALLENGE CUP.

Oxford—Pembroke College 1
Cambridge—St. John's College . . . 0

THE CREWS WERE AS FOLLOWS:

PEMBROKE.

1. G. O. Clarke 10st 9lb
2. C. F. Cadiz 11st 4lb
3. T. A. Hooper 11st 7lb
4. H. R. Hayward 11st 8lb
W. Fursdon (cox) 9st 11b

LADY MARGARET.

1. H. Snow 11st 4lb
2. R. Roy 10st 11lb
3. E. Stock 11st 9lb
4. J. Wright 10st 2lb
R. Cayley (cox) 9st 12lb

When it became known who composed the Pembroke crew, it was, naturally enough, inquired, "What had become of Mr. King, the president of the O.U.B.C., and stroke oar in the late University crew?" and we were truly sorry to find that indisposition had prevented him from rowing the greater part of the last term, and that it was still considered imprudent for him to undertake any great exertion. As it was, they had Mr. Hooper, at No. 3, who rowed No. 5, and Cambridge had Mr. Wright, the stroke oar in that race; in other respects they seemed pretty well on a par, and the day before had rowed over the course without much difference in time. Great, therefore, was the interest excited in this race, nor were those who went down the river to see the whole of it in any way disappointed, for we seldom recollect to have seen a finer race from the commencement to the finish. The Johnians won the toss, and, in the opinion of many, took the wrong station in choosing the Berkshire side, as the wind at the time was blowing pretty fresh from N. W. Soon after the start Pembroke got a few feet of her bows in advance, both crews working away most manfully, each determined to maintain the credit of their Universities, and from Remenham to the Poplars it was a continued burst of hard rowing, but the Cambridge crew were never able to alter their position, and Pembroke was hailed the winner in a perfect tumult of applauding shouts. This race, though a final heat, took place on the first day, by previous arrangement between the crews and the stewards.

Pembroke rowed in a boat which had been newly built by Messrs. Searle for the O.U.B.C. (who were the holders, but did not appear), and was an exceedingly good one; while St. John's had a boat built by King, of Oxford, last year, which was kindly lent to them by the Henley Club. It is but justice to Logan of Cambridge to mention, that the only reason why his boat was rejected by the Johnians was, the great weight of their men, she having been built for a very small crew. Time of winning crew, 9min 38sec; strong wind ahead.

THE SILVER GOBLETS.

FIRST HEAT.

Oxford—Cadogan, Ch Ch: Short, New Coll. 1
London—Potter, Wandle Club; Playford, ditto 0

This was one of the easiest races of the regatta, for though the Londoners made a good fight as far as Remenham, and after that rowed a plucky stern wager, the Oxford men had there nearly drawn their length clear, and that without any great effort, at least it appeared so, and they continued increasing that lead to the finish. They rowed very well together, and had evidently bestowed great pains on their practice and condition, yet no one who saw the race could fail observing that the great ease with which they went ahead was very much owing to their beautiful craft, the maiden attempt of Messenger at a pair oar, and which travelled "like a witch." Time, 9min 5secs.

There were originally four Oxford pairs entered for this race, but two of them having been withdrawn, or rather not appearing at the starting place, Messrs. Craven and Swaine of St. John's College, Oxford, "rowed over" the course and contended with the winners of the first in the

FINAL HEAT.

Cadogan and Short 1
Craven and Swaine 0

Immediately after starting, Messrs. Cadogan and Short went in advance and won very easily, their opponents not having the shadow of a chance from the first, and rowing as if they were quite aware of it. Time. 9min 36secs.

THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE.

Cambridge—1st Trinity Club . . . 1
Oxford—Wadham College 0

Subjoined are the names of the crews:—

TRINITY.	st.	lb.
1. Hon. G. Pepys	10	4
2. J. S. Wood	10	6
3 R D. Marshall	10	12
4. E. C. Graham	10	10
5. E. Courage	12	3
6. E. Macnaghten	11	0
7. R. C. Galton	9	9
8. H. R. Jones	10	4
Wingfield (cox)	8	2
WADHAM	st.	lb.
1. T. M. Crowder	10	2
2. J. Norton	10	10
3. H. B. Harrington	10	4
4. W. Walker	11	8
5. G. R. Gilling	11	7
6. T. G. Gilling	11	7
7. G. S. Homfray	12	0
8. J. Andrew	9	12
W. B. Dalby (cox)	10	12

Trinity and Wadham are very old antagonists; we find them in the year 1839, at the first Henley Regatta, when there was no fewer than five Oxford eights entered, meeting in a heat together, and rowing one of the closest races on record; and they who contended in those days have reason to be proud of their successors, who this year acquitted themselves so honorably. Much credit is due to both—to Trinity for facing the difficulty of keeping a crew together so long after term—to Wadham but the fifth boat on the river, for coming forward the sole representative of Oxford eight oared rowing, to take up the gauntlet against all comers. When the two boats appeared through the bridge on their way down to the Island, they were followed by many an anxious eye, while a large number of University men ran with them a considerable distance, in the hope of coming to some conclusion on their respective merits. Much had been heard of the strength and quickness of Wadham, of their exactness in time and swing: but, on the other hand, there was a business-like fall of backs in Trinity, which was very winning. At length they took their stations, Trinity having the Bucks side, and, all being in readiness, the signal was given, and off they went. Trinity in about ten strokes shot nearly her length ahead, and every one imagined it was to be an easy thing; but never was there a greater error, for Wadham began to pick up most gallantly, and at Remenham had regained nearly all her lost ground, Trinity apparently losing their confidence, and rowing short. They were now almost oar and oar, and slashing away at a tremendous pace, when the bow oar in the Cambridge boat caught a magnificent fish—it was a sea fish not common in these parts—and the Black Prince had nearly come to an untimely end. This brought Wadham for a short time in advance, but Trinity soon recovered her rowing, and, putting on a brilliant spurt, just managed to go in the winner by about half a length. The race was rowed in 7min 55secs. No stream, and wind fair.

THE VISITORS' CHALLENGE CUP.

Cambridge—Lady Margaret . . . 1
Oxford—Pembroke College . . . 0

This was another very excellent race, indeed, first rate; the same two crews contended as in the race for the Stewards Cup, and for the first half mile was one continued burst for the mastery; opposite Fawley Court the Johnians, who rowed much better than in their first race, began to show in advance, and at the "corner," having got their length clear, took their opponents' water and cheered on by the most tremendous shouts from the banks, they spurted passed the winning post about two lengths ahead; Pembroke kept it up well to the finish, but during the middle of the race, it cannot be denied, that their rowing fell off, the stroke apparently becoming too short for them. Time, 8 min 48 sec.

WATERMEN'S RACE.

According to ancient usage, a purse having been subscribed by the spectators for the benefit of the umpire's crew, who well deserve by their heavy duties and their general good conduct, this mark of approval, they divided themselves as follows, taking gentlemen to steer them, and rowed a short race for the amusement of their patrons:—

COMBES'S CREW.

1. Phelps . . . . . 4 Coombes
2. T. Mackinney . Mr. Lavien (cox)
3. Newell . . . .

POCOCK'S CREW.

1. J. Mackinney . . 4 Pocock
2. R. Doubledee . . Mr. Cayley (cox)
3. Messenger . . .

It was won pretty easily by Coombes's crew, and the veteran at an oar's end, seems really to be almost as fresh as ever.

TOWN CHALLENGE CUP.

Wargrave Boat Club 1
Hanley Boat Club 0

WARGRAVE.

1. Stokes . . . . . 4 Benham
2. Toomer . . . . . Brooks (cox)
3. Harrison

HENLEY.

1. Ive . . . . . 4. Giles
2. Coles . . . . . Siddal (cox)
3. Pauline.

This was a hollow race all the way from Remenham, where the Wargrave first got a decided lead, the Henley crew never even making an attempt at quickening; it was won by several lengths. Time of winners 9 min 5 sec.

GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

Cambridge—Trinity College . . . 1
Oxford—Wadham College . . . 0

The race for the Ladies' Plate having been so closely contested but a few hours previously by these two crews, it will readily be believed that immense excitement prevailed with regard to the issue of this; and on no previous occasion has so vast a multitude "gone down" the banks to catch the first sight of the coming boats, and those who went to the starting place were repaid by witnessing a capital struggle for the lead; Trinity took the Berks side, Wadham well over to windward, and on the word being given, the latter went off at a tremendous pace, getting a little the advantage of Trinity, who, however, were soon up with them, and, by very good rowing, steadily drew their boat in advance, and ultimately past the winning post about two lengths ahead of Wadham, who rowed to the last with the greatest game, and whose steering in both races was faultless. Trinity rowed in their old boat (a perfect wonder of the art), built by Searle some five years back, and Wadham in one by Hall, which seemed also to travel exceedingly well.

The times in which the different races were performed may appear to some so strange as scarcely to be credited, but they may be depended on, and are easily explained. In the first place, from the extraordinary small quantity of water in the river, which was nearly two feet below its ordinary "stand" there was positively such an absence of all stream that a stick thrown in above the bridge in the middle of the centre arch was observed to be quite stationary; and again, the wind was so veriable, both in direction and force, that some races which started with the gentlest draft from N.N.W., were headed, before rowed out, with half a gale from W.S.W., and in the last race, for the Grand Challenge Cup, while there was little or no wind at all, they were drawing the water very fast at Mill End.

The Town Hall at present supplying the place of the church, which is undergoing repairs and restoration, the prizes were given away by Lord Camoys in the Stewards' Stand, the winners being received at the foot of the stairs by the splendid band of the Blues, which had been in attendance both days, brassing forth "The Conquering Hero." At the conclusion of the ceremony three hearty cheers were given and all departed in content.

Shooting for a Gold Cup.

The enclosure at the Red House, Battersea, on Tuesday, in June 1828, was, completely crowded to witness the 4th and last days shooting for the gold cup. Capt. Ross was backed at six and seven to four against the field on the day's shooting. The Captain killed his 17 birds in succession, missed his eighteenth, and killed his nineteenth and twentieth. Mr. Osbaldeston was the second on the day, having killed sixteen, and Mr. Dore only fifteen. The following is the detail of the total number of birds killed by the first three members for the Cup;—

	Killed	Missed.
Captain Ross	75	5
Mr. Osbaldeston	62	18
Mr. Dore	60	20

Curious Horse Cause.

From Late Foreign Journals.

In the Court of Exchequer, on Thursday, an action was brought by one Hilt against a person named Aspinall. Mr. Edwin James and Mr. J. Brown were counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. Hardy and Mr. Milward for the defendant. This was an action brought to recover £26 1s. 3d., the loss arising from the resale of a horse bought by the plaintiff from the defendant. The plaintiff is a horsedealer residing in Norfolk, and the defendant is a brewer and horse dealer, living at Mount Tabor, near Hallifax. The plaintiff originally bought the horse at Doncaster fair for £48 warranted sound and free from vice, and having sent it home to Norfolk sold it to Mr Phillips, a horse dealer at London-wall for £55, with a similar warranty, stating, however, at the time the horse was being tried, that it showed some symptoms of temper. Having made his purchase Phillips brought it to London, and showed it to a large French dealer when to his surprise, the animal refused to go out of the yard, reared, kicked, ran back and showed other symptoms of confirmed vice. The horse had never been out of the stable or tried on any other occasion. Upon this notice was given to the defendant to take it back and upon his refusal it was sold at Aldridge's for thirty-four guineas, the defendant being the purchaser. It appeared on the part of the defendant, that he had had the horse since he was five months old, having bought him in 1849, and that he had been regularly broke by two horse breakers and trained for the Yeomanry Races in Yorkshire with such success that he won one of the races—that he had been ridden with the corps on several occasions and that a nephew of his, a boy ten years old, had been in the constant habit of riding him, when home from school, and on one occasion had driven his grandmother, in a gig drawn by the horse in question to the neighboring market town and back again; that the horse had been constantly used both in saddle and harness, and had never exhibited the smallest vice of any kind. It being suggested by the learned counsel for the defence that as the horse was in the immediate neighborhood of the court, some proofs of his good looks and docility might be obtained if anyone would take the trouble to go out and look at him, the desire to see the horse proved irrisistible, so jury counsel and all the idlers in and about the court adjourned *en masse* to feast their curiosity. When the horse was produced for inspection he was mounted by a lad and ridden about the court yard. One of the jury, wishing for a little horse exercise, mounted the gallant steed, who bore his judical burden with all becoming respect and acquiesence. The defendant himself got up, put the horse through his paces and as every one seemed pleased with his performance, was anxious to bring him into court, in order to give the learned judge an opportunity of satisfying himself.

"Et molem mirantur equi, primusque Thymetes
Duci intra muros hortatur et arce locari."

Accordingly he rode him through the Guildhall, up the flight of steep stone-steps leading to the Exchequer Court, to the very threshold of the court itself The wigs and gowns turned out in strong numbers to take a view, and in the crowd we noticed the Lord Chief Baron evidently displaying considerable knowledge of horseflesh. The jury having at length resumed their places, suggested that the horse seemed quiet enough, and one of their number said that he would willingly give the money for him, notwithstanding all his vice and bad character, and would treat his wife and children to an airing. After a great deal of conversation by the counsel on either side, and a great struggle being made by the plaintiff's counsel to proceed with the case he was at length prevailed upon to consent to a non suit, and the plaintive was called accordingly. Plaintiff non suited.

Gambling on a Race Course.

To day an application was made before the judge at chambers, for the discharge of Thomas Watkins who had been committed by a magistrate at Kingston, on the 23d of June for three months to the house of correction as a rogue and vagabond, for conspiring with others not in custody, to cheat and defraud Wm. Browne of a watch, on Hampton Race Course. The prosecutor went into one of the booths, where he commenced playing and betting, and finally was induced to wager his watch against £3 put down by the prisoner. The watch was lost, but the prosecutor upon being told by some one in the booth that he had been robbed of the watch by the prisoner and others who were his confederates, accused them of the theft and the watch was restored to him. He, however, commenced a prosecution against the prisoner, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. It was now contended that the commitment was wrongly made out in form. It set out that the prisoner at a race course played and betted with a fradulent intent to cheat W. Browne; whereas the act provided for the case of every person playing or betting in public *at or with* any table or instrument of gaiming. The commitment did not set out that they were playing *at or with* any table &c. It was also contended that the commitment did not set out that the evidence was taken in the presence and hearing of the prisoner, and that the conviction was for three callendar months *until* he shall thence be delivered by the due course of law; whereas it should have been *or until he shall then* and there be otherwise delivered by the due course of law. The learned judge decided that the commitment was wrong, and that the prisoner be discharged.

Anecdotes of Actors.

An anecdote is told of Dumesnil, connected with her performance of Cleopatra in Marmontel's tragedy of the same name, which came out in 1750, and was ever one of her favorite representations. When preparing for death, in a frenzy of passion, she exclaims:—

"I should curse the gods if they restored me back to life!"

An old officer seated immediately behind, in one of the balcony boxes, was so carried away with the reality of the scene, that he struck her violently on the back, exclaiming with great vehemence:—

"Infernal cat, go to the devil at once!"

This act of extravagance interrupted the performance, and for the moment utterly confounded the actress; who, nevertheless, at the end of the play, thanked the enthusiastic auditor for paying her the highest compliment which the powerful fidelity of her impersonation could have called forth. It was so with Sandford, who considered himself unsuccessful in a villain, unless intelligible disapprobation was showered upon him; and it has also been said of Cooke, that he looked upon hisses as the surest evidence of his excellence as Stuckely or Iago. A French audience is much more apt to be subdued by the intensity of an actor than an English one. In proof of this, innumerable examples might be quoted. On another occasion when Dumesnil, as Merope, was proceeding to order the death of Egiste, not knowing who he was, a voice from the pit, almost inarticulate with sobs, cried out:—

"Don't kill him—he is your own son!"

During a performance of "Britanicus," a grenadier, posted on the stage, after the custom of the time, was so intent on the action of the play, and so indignant at the treachery of Narcissus, that he presented his musket at the actor, and would have shot him dead had he not been prevented. Preville was once going on as Larissole, in "The Mercure Galant, when the sentry, placed in the wing, taking him actually for a drunken soldier, stopped him and exclaimed:—

"For heaven's sake, comrade, don't appear in that state, or I shall be sent to the black hole!"

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